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Havergal magazine





*Evelyn Ladd*  
*Shell Form*

# Havergal Magazine.

Winnipeg 1912-13  
No. 6







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Art Editor—Miss Thompson.

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Rosalie Brittain

Marion Bell

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MISS JONES

*To you, who, through our days at school,  
Have been our teacher, helper, friend;  
To you, on whom we did depend  
To help us live, by your own rule,  
A life as strong, as wise, as full,  
Our loving homage we extend;  
And pray that when through life we wend  
Our untried way—a striving tool  
Of the Great Teacher—and may earn  
Success, reward or even fame,  
That our achievements be yours, too;  
And if we should in future learn  
The sound of praise, we shall exclaim,  
“Give praise to whom the praise is due!”*

—K. H., Form VI.



# Havergal College Magazine

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Vol. VI.

MAY, 1913

No. 1

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## PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

Havergal College,

Winnipeg, April 2nd, 1913.

My Dear Girls,—

Each year until now the frontispiece of our Magazine has supplied me with a text for the beginning of this annual letter. But this time it is difficult to find the right words, especially after reading the very kind and beautiful lines which the Editors tell me are to stand opposite my own presentment. When such a charming little tribute has been offered, it would be ungracious not to accept it very gratefully and humbly as a proof, not alone from the writer, I hope, but from all my girls, of the friendship and fellowship begun within our walls. These hurrying days give little opportunity for talking to present girls or writing to old ones, and I often regret, especially in the case of the day girls, the difficulties in the way of seeing much of them, except at class. With the boarders things are different; but, even with them, they pass out of one's life into far distances from which news comes at rare intervals, and this annual letter is my only chance for wishing you all, far and near, God-speed.

Throughout the year news comes of the Winnipeg girls and their many activities. Not many of us, whether in town or country, lead an inactive life: there is too much to do. I hear of some girls who are their mother's right hands in household matters and in the management of the younger boys and girls; of others who are developing musical gifts or nursing powers—working harder than they ever did at school; of others who are praised as loyal workers in the Sunday school, and yet again in the beginnings of settlement work in the North End, on junior auxi-

liaries for church and hospitals. There are so many fields open for service nowadays that only under very exceptional conditions can one think it right for any girl of average health and capacity to declare that she has entered none of them. Most of us find plenty of time for the social opportunities, so we cannot plead that the days are not long enough for the larger responsibilities by which power and character grow.

You will hear and read much, as you go forward, of "individual" and "collective" work, and your own work must profit by the laws which regulate both. The colour of your own personality will mix with all that you accomplish, and leave its mark there; but that personality which makes you dull or interesting, a help or a hindrance to others, will gain much when you work along these two different tracks. Your service as an individual, thinking her own thoughts, planning how best to help those in your home, your church and your city, should make you original, resourceful and full of flavour. Your work with others, bound by the laws which rule societies, clubs, and public bodies, will make you practical, broad-minded, and tactful. There is not a city in Canada that is not calling out for workers in every scheme of moral and social betterment, who can combine these qualities with what is equally necessary—the self-sacrifice that meets drudgery and difficulty with a smile. The cultivated brain and the trained hand must be ruled by the will that is dedicated to the service of God and man. So may we reach and enjoy the splendid possibilities of a woman's life in the Twentieth Century, and in Canada.

You will think that these words are only for those who are leaving, or have left us already. But it is not so. Here at school, especially in the residential life, we see the two lines of development growing or hindered by mistakes and thoughtlessness. Each room or cubicle, your possessions and dress, show your own personality and ideas, and not merely those of the home from which you come; and your voice and manner, as you move about the College, make that personality and your own character clear to all. No one expects you all to be levelled down to one uniform type, like a composite photograph in a magazine article; but, by measuring yourself against others of your own age, you discover weak and strong points which your own family would not or could not point out to you. If you are wise, you do not wait for your form or bedroom mistress to point out the weak ones, emphasised



by the usual bad marks and returned lessons, but you set to work to put these things right, each girl for herself. This is the self-education that can help you all through life—the seeing eye, and the hearing ear, and the quick understanding in the fear of the Lord—that will keep you humble no matter how high you climb, and very, very charitable to the faults of others. Criticism of yourself will not lessen the flavour of your own character—it will only refine and heighten it. And, so far as I know you and the lives you lead, there seems to me no danger of your becoming morbid through brooding over your imperfections.

Your development on social or “collective” lines comes out in the way you help and are helped by the little society which for the time being is your world—the world of school. You will belong later on to a circle or organisation in which you may not like all equally, nor admire their conduct; but social laws will require you to meet them courteously and kindly and give fair treatment to all. Here, in class, at meals, in games and dancing and gymnasium, the same rules apply; but here, probably because you are on more equal terms than you will ever be again, it is much more possible to recognise the girl whom nature and education have marked out for leadership. I am not speaking of the easy-going, pleasant girl whose candy or clothes make her a popular centre of a friendly group, but of the girl who joins a certain dependable quality to a larger proportion of brain or heart than is owned by the rest of us. Faithful and thoughtful—these are the two roots of character; and right down to the lowest junior your words and your deeds show whether in school and out of school you deserve to lead or be led. There is much merit in faithful following, but it is of leaders that I speak just now, for it is these that the school and the world outside is needing. Let me quote from a great schoolmaster, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who measured the high-water mark of character thus: “When I look round on boys and men, there seems to me some one point or quality which distinguishes really noble people from ordinary ones. It is not merely religious feeling—it is not honesty or kindness; but it seems to me to be moral thoughtfulness, which is at once strengthening and softening and elevating; which makes a man love Christ without being a fanatic, and love truth without being cold or hard.”

Shall we not try together, near and far, to make ourselves and our work more faithful and more thoughtful for the rest of this

year? It is quality that counts. As to quantity, we have no choice: it is demanded from us every day. So shall

“Knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster.”

Your sincere friend,  
EVA L. JONES.

---

### EDITORIAL NOTES

In presenting this sixth number of the *Havergal Magazine*, the committee hopes that it will be of interest to all Havergal girls, both of the past and present. That ought always to interest us which is of service to use, and their school magazine ought to be of peculiar service to all the girls. To those who have already passed beyond the College halls, it will serve to broaden their lives by enlisting their sympathies in the growth, problems and aims of the college from year to year. By inciting those girls who are in attendance to use whatever talent they may have to make the magazine a success, not only is their affection for, and loyalty towards, the college strengthened, but their ability is also increased, with the result that they are capable of more efficient efforts each succeeding year.

As we aim to make the magazine, as far as possible, a publication for the girls, by the girls, the committee has been much gratified by the enthusiasm shown this year throughout the school in the contribution of material.

#### *Health*

We are very thankful that we have nothing more serious to record this year than the usual colds. The general health has been very good.

#### *Confirmation*

During Lent, confirmation classes were conducted in Holy Trinity by Mr. Ribourg. On March 16th, at Holy Trinity, the following girls were confirmed by the Bishop of Saskatchewan: Embree McBride, Kathleen Hole, Margaret Macnab, and Marian Lord.

#### *Prize Giving*

The annual prize-giving was held on the evening of June 14th, 1912. His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land pre-



sided. After the annual report had been read by Miss Jones, Mrs. Cameron kindly distributed the prizes. These were awarded as follows:

### SPECIAL PRIZES.

Scripture .....	Marion Bell
Presented by His Grace The Archbishop of Rupert's Land	
Medal for English Literature.....	Marjorie Shaw
Presented by Ven. Archdeacon Fortin	
Modern Languages .....	Annie Wodlinger
Music Medal .....	Helen Maulson
Presented by Messrs. Mason & Risch	
Piano Prizes .....	Pearl Pieper
	Dorothy Adams
	Fanny Rosner
Drawing .....	(1) Amy Ebbutt
	(2) Christina Lyall
Cup for Gymnastics .....	Elsie Scrimes
Presented by Mr. E. L. Drewry	
Cup for Basket Ball .....	Boarders' Team
Presented by the Very Rev. Dean Coombes	
Cup for Drill .....	Form Upper IV.
Presented by Miss Dalton	

### *Scholarships*

Day School \$25.00 .....	Kathlyn Hinton
Presented by Mr. E. L. Drewry	
Boarders' Scholarship, \$75.00 .....	Dorothy Colcleugh
Presented by Mr. E. L. Drewry	
Medal for High Character .....	Marion Bell
Presented by Mrs. Cameron	

### *Examinations Passed*

#### HAVERGAL DIPLOMA

Annie Wodlinger  
 Marjorie Shaw  
 Pearl Pieper  
 Fanny Robinson  
 Lelia Henderson

#### TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Third Year, First-Class Honours.....	Helen Maulson
Second Year, First-Class Honours.....	Dorothy Adams

### FORM PRIZES

<i>Form I.</i>	General Merit .....	Helen Munro
	" " .....	Douglas Blackett
<i>Form II.</i>	General Merit .....	Marguerite Mathers
	" " .....	Priscilla MacBride

<i>Form III.</i>	General Proficiency . . . .	(1) Gwendolen Detchon
	" "	(2) Kate Rowley
<i>Form Lower IV.</i>	General Proficiency . . . . .	Eleanor Cox
	Merit . . . . .	Frances Code
<i>Form Upper IV.</i>	Proficiency . . . . .	(1) Jean Bell
	Presented by Messrs. Russell, Lang & Co.	
	" "	(2) Mary Watson
	Merit . . . . .	(3) Helen Wilson
<i>Shell</i>	General Proficiency . . . . .	Frances Astley
	Merit . . . . .	Blanche Henderson
<i>Form V. Special</i>	" "	Hazel Wright
<i>Form Lower V.</i>	Proficiency . .	(1) Dorothy Coleleugh
	" "	(2) Elsie Henderson
<i>Matriculation I.</i>	" "	Kathlyn Hinton

### *Manitoba University Examinations Passed*

#### Matriculation I—

Nora Burton, 3rd class.  
 Florence Carey, 2nd class.  
 Kathlyn Hinton, 1B.  
 Dorothy McDougall, 2nd class.  
 Marjorie Watson, 3rd class.

#### Matriculation II.—

Carrie Anderson, 2nd class.  
 Marion Bell, 1B.

---

### **CHRONICLE, 1912-13.**

May 12—Decoration Day. Havergal watches from the "boxes" at the end of Broadway.

May 17—"Conquest of Amazona" given again by special request. Stella Mozley comes to the rescue as grandparent.

May 23—Empire Day celebration.

May 29—Final examinations begin. Groans!

June 4—Fête for Madeline Etenaishi. Great success. Concert nets \$43.50.

June 5—Horse Show. Kate Rowley decorated.

June 14—Prize-giving.

June 15—Home for the Summer Vacation. Hurrah for the holidays!

Sept. 11—School re-opens. Much uniting of severed friendships.

Sept. 17—Basketball begins. First game in favour of the Day Girls (10—4).

- Sept. 26—"At Home" for the Missioners.
- Sept. 28—Swimming baths. Quite a fishy party.
- Sept. 29—Mission of Help services begin.
- Oct. 1—Bishop of Edinburgh gives an address on Bible study.
- Oct. 4—Picnic to City Park. Return laden with autumn leaves.
- Oct. 8—Basketball. Day Girls win (9—8).
- Oct. 15—Basketball. Quite a walk-over. Day Girls are victorious (18—4).
- Oct. 21—Mrs. Newton's tea to Old Girls.
- Oct. 24—Boarders attend "The Pirates of Penzance."
- Oct. 29—First snowfall. Grand rush to excavate skates and snowshoes from last year's débris.
- Oct. 30—Lecture on India by Mrs. Pullen.
- Oct. 31—Hallow-e'en.
- "Now who will stand on either hand  
And keep the bridge with me?"
- Hallowe'en Masquerade. The "chef" won all hearts.
- Nov. 2—Au revoir to Miss Holditch. Welcome to Miss Crummack.
- Dec. 2—Examinations begin. General feeling that ten cents for examination paper will be wasted.
- Dec. 4—"The Blue Bird" brought happiness to many for one night, at least.
- Dec. 9—Sewing-bee to make costumes. "Are you a boy?" "No, I'm a green girl!"
- Dec. 17—Gymnastic Display. Ascent to the roof by Rosalie Brittain and sensational descent of Elsie Scrimes as a "Flying Angel."
- Dec. 20—Home for the Christmas holidays!
- Jan. 8—School re-opens.
- Jan. 13—First skating on our rink. Morning walks decrease.
- Jan. 15—Welcome to Miss Hunter Gray.
- Jan. 24—Dean and Mrs. Robinson join us at morning prayers.
- We hope to see them very frequently at Havergal.
- Jan. 24—Evening lecture on "The Evolution of the Battleship" at Manitoba University.
- Jan. 31—Fifth Special skating party a great success. "How many dishes of ice-cream did you take?" "S-s-s-h!"
- Feb. 1—Meeting of the Alpine Club.
- Feb. 7—Madame Tussaud's Waxworks given by Form IV.
- Feb. 11—Hockey match—Mistresses v. Girls; a draw.

- Feb. 14—St. Valentine and Upper Third give a delightful party.
- Feb. 17—Mme. Clara Butt's singing much appreciated by the girls who attended.
- Feb. 18—Moonlight snowshoe tramp to Elm Park. Hot cocoa enjoyed by all.
- Feb. 20—"Topsy Turvy Zoo." The Lower Third Form has some cute little monkeys. "How do you know that a bumble-beaver can sea-urchinchilla muff?" "Because she-tor-toise."
- Feb. 20—The Shell Form presents scenes from "The Mill on the Floss." Miss Evans to the rescue. "Mr. Glegg, it does make you look *so* small!"
- Feb. 24—Mid-term holiday.
- Mar. 5—Exciting hockey match between Havergal and St. John's girls. Goals 5—1 in favour of Havergal.
- Mar. 6—"The Art Gallery"—a series of living pictures by Matriculation I. and Upper V. Forms.
- Mar. 11—Hockey: Havergal v. St. John's at the St. John's rink. Havergal victorious, 1—0. Gladys Phinney the successful shot.
- Mar. 13—Lower Fifth Form presents the famous "Bardell v. Pickwick" breach of promise suit. A great success; the performers are to be congratulated.
- Mar. 20—Girls go home for Easter week-end. Holidays are postponed until three weeks after Easter. School-work and weather both considered.
- Mar. 22—Several happy girls go with Miss Jones to see the horses at the barracks—exciting Saturday.
- Mar. 27—Afternoon when both the First and Second Forms each give a delightful entertainment. Everybody proud of them, especially the parents.
- Mar. 27—Fourth Form hold a debate. Resolved: That life in the city is superior to life in the country. Upholders of the negative victorious.
- Mar. 28—The Second Matric and Sixth Forms give a brilliant presentation of "The Rivals." All-star cast. Grand success.
- April 3—Miss Jones' "At Home" to Old Girls. Many a glad handshake.
- April 4—Second presentation of "The Rivals," in aid of the Hay River Mission Fund.

- April 5—Opening of Palestine Exhibition. Botany Stall honoured by Havergal.
- April 7—Several of the boarders attend the symphony concert at the Walker. Delightful music.
- April 9—Gymnastic Display—great success.
- April 11—Packing and holidays—ten days. Oh, joy!
- April 22—Back to work again. Don't look so sad—there's a good time coming!
- 

## THE FASCINATION OF LONDON

Those of us who love London, love it with an ever-increasing passion, and come further and further under its spell.

Its fascination lies partly in the stream of intense movement—swift, merciless, charged with thought, rushing towards action, whether mental or physical; and partly in the sensation of vastness, not vastness of space, but vastness in understanding, which none but a congested spot can give, paradoxical as this may sound.

For, if we come to think of it, can anything be more stagnating to thought than vast unlimited space, whether of land or ocean? And does not thought need the impetus of activity in order to create and produce?

The mind, left to itself, gets atrophied and dulled. Peace, whether of land or of nations, induces stagnation; great epochs of art and literature have followed on times of stress and war, and most men of genius have worked in towns or cities. The roar of cannon or the roar of London's streets quickens and stimulates the intellect as nothing else can do.

We all know the sensation of "vegetating" which comes on us after a sojourn in the country—or, still worse, in a small town—or the torpor which covers us as we sit on an ocean liner, gazing at the vastness of a never-ending sheet of water.

Unlimited physical space, however beautiful, cannot induce mental width of vision, on the contrary; but great congested cities, like London or Paris, with their never-ceasing movement and overcrowded thoroughfares, give to most of us a sensation of vitality, of aliveness and joy such as the country cannot produce, however much we may love and appreciate the beauties of nature.

But were London devoid of natural beauty, were the hand of man as wilfully destructive of all that is lovely as that which created the horror of the Albert Memorial, then we could not find in England's great metropolis that inspiration and fascination which I am striving to analyse.

London has a supreme beauty and dignity which no other European city possesses in the same degree. The beauty, to my



mind, is all in contrasts and unexpectedness. The contrasts are of a quality so subtle and complex that they meet every shade of thought, every mood, as the mind in the course of the day or night merges from one phase to another. It would seem as if at last the complexity of our being had found a fit mate in this wonderful, ever-changing city.

The charm of the unexpectedness lies in the character of surprise, of beauty following directly upon ugliness, so that we are being given constantly the impression of a first sensation, and no other impression can be stronger. There where you expect continuous beauty, in Oxford, in Perugia, or in Venice, there is no disharmony. You pass from one more lovely aspect to another until in the end the senses are dulled, the emotions lessened; for, to even the most intense of natures, that which is taken for granted makes for insensibility, just as an over-long programme renders us deaf to the beauty of the last piece played, or too-prolonged a drama makes the joy of great acting less felt.

And therein lies the secret of London's power over our souls. The constant passing from beauty to ugliness, and back again to beauty, gives a grip and intensity in the appreciation of that beauty such as we can get nowhere else. Our pulses vibrate to it as they cannot to more harmonious scenes; we vibrate to contrasts as we cannot to melody. Have not musicians felt the power of discords?

We strive so to blot out the ugliness when we suddenly merge on beauty, we so intensely long to prolong the joy into the future of ugliness which must accompany us home, that every bit of our being rises up to proclaim the glory and greatness of what we have just seen; and so, for example, the majestic pile of Westminster's buildings as seen from St. James' Park, or the perfect architectural line of Chelsea Hospital, become indelibly printed on our inner vision as we step again into the glare of Regent Street or into the squalor of Pimlico and the King's Road.

The fascination of contrasts holds us even more strongly when we go away from London. Our mood is such that even Kensington Gardens cannot afford us enough peace. The smell of London has got on our brain; our nerves are steeped in the petrol of her motor omnibuses, and it is then we must for a time depart and wander in the real country lanes and sweet-scented meadows.

Nothing can compare with the beauty of England's country: the little villages nestling in a valley or by the hillside, with their thatched black-and-white cottages, and near by a softly running brook or stream, and all around large vistas of green fields edged with the stately elm or the spreading oak. And in our wanderings we might chance on a little grove of silver birch trees murmuring

in the wind, or on a little wood of larches with their delicate outline standing out against the blue-grey sky. At our feet might be golden daffodils dancing in the sun, or bluebells mingling with the young spring green; and, at peace with ourselves, joy and delight in our weary town-laden hearts, we would turn back walking through lanes where white and purple violets hid in the hedges and young birds twittered in their nests. We would stop and listen to the song of thrush or blackbird, or to the murmur of the wind in the trees; we would lie on the earth and fill our being with the damp, sweet smell, and the threefold joy of sight and sound and smell would be such as the dweller in cities alone could appreciate to the full.

But when, our mood having changed, we move away and return to the roar of London's traffic, the joy of contrast is so strong that, though our senses may be still vibrating to the memory of some sweet spot or delicious scent, we rejoice again in the grandeur and dignity of London's beauty, and in the inspiration its beauty holds for us.

But perhaps it is at night that we most feel the fascination of London (all is wonderful at night for those who can feel the magic and mystery of the dark), or in the half-dim light as we wander by the Thames when the mist clothes the riverside with a charm hard to define, but which never fails to meet our mood. It transforms everything around so that our imagination has free play and fairyland is before us.

Wonderful tints of blue and gold dwell in the sky, and below at our feet flows the silvery Thames. All swiftly flowing rivers have a fascination, but there is something about the Thames which moves us very deeply. Perhaps this is due to the literary and historical associations which it evokes, or to the fact that it flows through some of the most loved scenery in England, widening and widening till it ends in infinity soon after passing through the heart of London City.

One of the most beautiful poems in the English language has a refrain which I should like to quote in conclusion to these few remarks on London's charm:

"Sweete Themmes runne softly, till I end my song."

—L. M. GROVE.

## THE CHRISTIAN EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN THE EAST.

Among the vast changes which are taking place in the world to-day, few movements are more significant than that which is bringing freedom to the women and girls of the East. In India, China and Japan the influence of Western civilization has already put women into a new position, and the need is being recognized

for their special contribution in the building up of national life, and for their help in arriving at an adequate solution of the problems which confront the awakened peoples.

But if women are to take their right place in the new movements, it is obvious that they must be educated, and this fact is being recognized in the East as well as in the West. The leaders of the new political movements in China realize that the development of women's education is one of the most urgent necessities for China and, in India, Hindu and Moslem reformers are discussing the question and are themselves founding schools for girls. In these circumstances, the leaders in the East naturally turn to the West for help, and to Western women has come the supremely important question of the kind of training that shall be given to the women of the East. Shall they receive a merely Western education, and thus bring to their nation an ideal of human life which is not interwoven with the old national ideals, or shall they remain true to the best which their nation has always desired for its women and yet add to the old ideal the new social and intellectual freedom and the spiritual forces which Christianity and Christian education can give? With the entrance of Western science and Western civilisation the old faiths are rapidly losing their hold. Shall the women of the East receive an education which will bring to them material benefits but which will offer them nothing to satisfy their deep religious instincts, and which will give them neither spiritual ideals nor moral power with which to cope with the strangely difficult conditions of their lives?

The opportunity now before English women and others of giving help to the women and girls of the East can hardly be overestimated. Not only are Western teachers needed to serve on the staffs of schools, both for kindergarten and form work, but they are even more urgently required for training Indian and Chinese teachers who shall be able to educate the millions of Indian and Chinese girls—teachers who will be enthusiastic over their work and who will not merely try to “cram” the children with facts out of Western text-books. The influence which Christian teachers might have at this moment in moulding the destinies of the Eastern nations is, without exaggeration, incalculable. Moreover, English women who give their interest and thoughts to the needs of India, China and Japan are not thereby neglecting home problems. The social perplexities of England will not be truly solved so long as an attempt is made to deal with them in isolation. Social problems today are closely bound together throughout the world; they are part of one great movement which is confined by no geographical boundaries. If Christian ideals do not raise the moral and spiritual standards of the East there will come flooding back upon



the Western world influences which will increase the social difficulties at home and which will render the problem well-nigh impossible of solution. It is at their own peril that the Western nations act if they take to the East a new civilization without Christianity.

The Christian education of women in the East is thus a subject both complex and urgent, and it is one which calls for the best thought and study which educated women in the West can give. A conference to consider the problem was held at Oxford early in September last. Addresses were given by the Bishop of Oxford, Professor Cairns, Miss Powell, Miss Richardson, the Rev. W. Temple and others engaged in educational work at home and abroad; a full report has been published. At the close of the conference a small committee was formed to conserve results and to act as a body of reference. The honorary secretary is Miss de Sélincourt, formerly principal of the Lady Muir Training School, Allahabad, and any questions may be sent to her at Annandale, North End Road, Golders Green, London, N.W., England. The aim of the committee is not to form any new organisation or society but to enlist fresh interest in the work of already existing mission boards.

Miss de Sélincourt will be glad to give details of educational posts that are at present vacant in the East and to explain the "Short Service Scheme" by which teachers and others who cannot take up permanent work abroad may give valuable aid for a year or more. Great opportunities for helping the women of India are also open to English women who go out to stay with friends and who have had no technical training, and the interest, sympathy and thought of those who remain at home are no less needed. In this critical moment of the world's history the women of the East are appealing to the women of the West, and there is not one of us who may not, if she will, take a share in the response to that appeal.

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### FAMOUS, BUT FORGOTTEN.

Twelve neat brown volumes, strong in the binding of sixty years since, stand in dusty leisure on the top shelf of our College library. Inside, an equally neat label proclaims their presentation to the St. John's College Ladies' School Library by Dr. Thom, the year of the benefaction not being specified, though probably much later than 1853, the date on the title page. Charming steel engravings, on a surface mellowed to the softest creamy brown, and excellent print for the excellent sentiments on every page, have failed, however, to attract the readers of either institution

which has owned the dignified dozen, and at least half of their number were uncut, alas, when the writer took them down two years ago. Either the title, *The Works of Hannah More*, or the extreme respectability of the author, has proved alarming to those whom that lady would have called "the young females of the Red River Settlement." Some adventurous spirits have, it is true, explored the gentle hills and vales of Hannah's verse, and the tragedies *The Inflexible Captive*, *Percy*, and *The Fatal Falsehood*, show foot-prints, or, rather, finger-prints, of early travellers. The stern warning, however, of Vol. V., page 33, "Let not the vulgar read this pensive strain," has had due effect, and it seems to have crushed any youthful Manitoban desires to study the still more pensive pages of the prose essays. An unslaked thirst for romance, however diluted, has not spared the *Stories for Persons in the Middle Ranks*, and the once famous *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*; but it fell to my lot to thrust the paper-knife for the first time into the dense paragraphs of the author's life, with her *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education* and several succeeding volumes.

For every true book lover there is a hallowed joy in "cutting one's own pages"—one of the familiarities that may lead to life-long intimacy, and, in any case, a definite sense of proprietorship. Real friendship of course goes further, in the company of pencil and marginal appreciations and reflections.

It is with mingled feelings that one cuts pages that should have seen daylight sixty years ago. Then the *Strictures* still awoke an echo; *Coelebs* was yet a classic on the family shelf, and the *Sacred Dramas* stood in the front rank of books that might be safely presented to a young lady on the more important occasions of her life. Now, the Time machine seems to have whirled us on far more than a century since those weighty sentences were penned and those correct sentiments endorsed by readers who, in an age of limited reading, might be counted by thousands. *Coelebs*, hard though it is to believe it, ran into six editions in the year the book appeared, and the large fortune enjoyed by Mrs. More in her declining years is yet another testimony to the popular admiration of her works. It is difficult to remind ourselves, in turning over the leaves, that the language and the thoughts are those of one who long survived Jane Austen. The shadow of Dr. Johnson lies heavy on every page. Of the wit of Garrick, the splendour of Burke, the urbane gentleness of Reynolds—all among her friends and correspondents—no trace is to be found. Few women enjoyed in their early years more varied and delightful social opportunities; few writers have left twelve volumes more uniform and sedate. Her

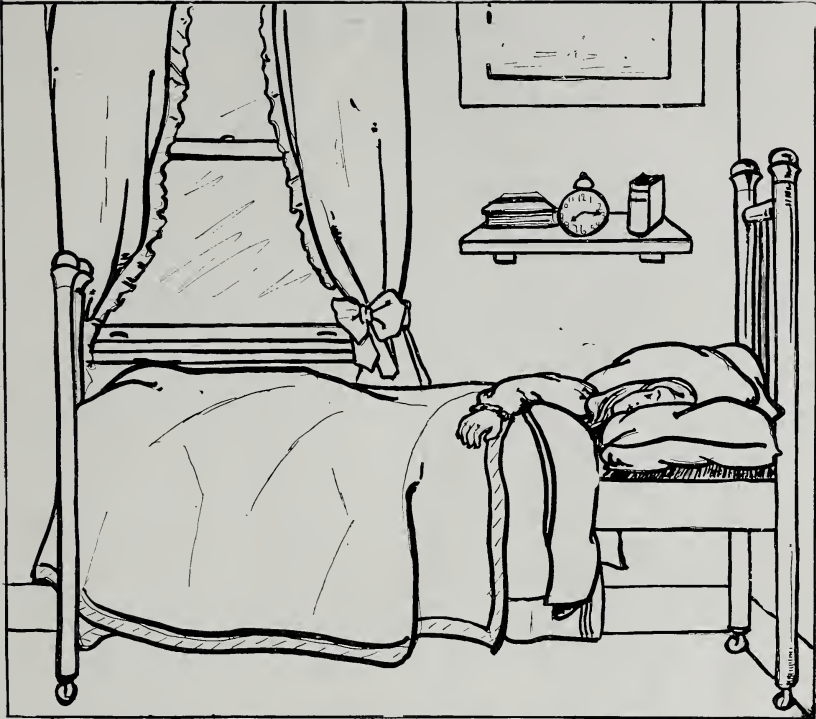
style was formed by Johnson, her theology by the excellent Bishop Porteous, her outlook by the circumscribed and serious life of an "important concern," a seminary for young ladies, in which she was assisted by four sisters, persistently unmarried, like herself. We think instinctively of another school-room authoress, of equal fortitude amidst the dull routine and long hours of governing duty, whose spirit laughed at the subjection of body and mind to narrowing formality, and followed Romance to the supreme literary summit. But therein lies the difference of genius from talent, and Hannah More would, in any case, have disclaimed with horror the title of novelist. *Coelebs* is entrenched deep behind a subsidiary title, *Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals*, and to a sermon-reading and select circle of readers it proved a sugar-coated pill. No pill is ever delicious, but *Coelebs* is far from unpleasant, and to two generations to whom Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer were a long-drawn-out dessert on sleepy Sunday afternoons it may even have been an appetiser.

Even by the young ladies of St. John's College School, its pages were cut to the four hundred and thirtieth, and the reader of 1913 will find much that is pleasantly suggestive of English life and thought in country homes and vicarages of Evangelical tendencies in 1808. True, it is always the school mistress who speaks, thinly disguised beneath the topcoat of the mild *Coelebs*, but to one not greedy of romance the excellent common-sense and real Christian sentiment have their value. Much is unconsciously humorous, from the opening paragraph, in which the hero confesses that the ideal of his youthful dreams has been Milton's Eve, but, he adds hastily, "in her state of innocence." His pious mother seems to have dreaded too rapid disillusionment for her Charles, for in sending him forth, at the age of twenty-four, on his adventurous quest, she entreats him to bear in mind that "the fairest creature is also a fallen creature." Long exhortations follow from both parents, for his father, knowing and approving what he styles Charles' "domestic propensities," adds much counsel and advice. An unimproved and inelegant mind is his chief dread in his prospective daughter-in-law, but the foundation must be solid. "You will want a *companion*; an *artist* you can hire." It says much for the domestic propensities as well as the courage of Charles, that they survived the opening chapters, which also narrate the death of both parents. Thoroughly depressed and chastened, he is yet determined, and we plunge with him into ten chapters of what may be called domestic survey in the houses of acquaintances and friends. But the story thenceforward, as in other lovers' lives, divides into the days before, and after, he met Lucilla. From the moment the careful Coelebs ascertained that this paragon of

daughters was *not* an artist, his doom was sealed. Perfectly elegant, rather than perfectly beautiful, were her face and form; while her conversation was, according to her admirer, "compounded of liveliness, sensibility, and delicacy." The liveliness is less apparent to those of us who are not enamoured, and one wishes that Elizabeth Bennet could, for his soul's good, have taken Charles in hand in the intervals of shaping Darcy. Lucilla would, later on in life, have risen up and called her blessed. Truth to tell, with the entrance of the heroine, the foregone conclusion becomes extraordinarily slow. The linked sweetness is so long-drawn-out, and not so very sweet, after all. As the little girl remarked at nursery dinner, when her baby brother deposited some fragments of gristle on a neighbouring plate, "Jimmy is putting all his tit-bits on nurse's plate; and they're not so very tit, either." Only some strongly-drawn minor characters or incidents could have saved from tedium the last twenty-nine chapters, and these are devoted to the religious experiences of Miss Stanley's neighbours and friends, guided for the most part by the Rector, the excellent Dr. Barlow, much admired by the Stanley family, not only for his positive virtues, but on the curious ground that he is "zealous without enthusiasm." This dread of enthusiasm, recurrent throughout our author's pages, is evidently a feature of her temperament and her circle, and explains, possibly, why *Coelebs* at his most lover-like fails to convince us that he is anything more than the mouthpiece of a learned spinster expounding her views on young ladies' education. Yet, let us remember the six editions of the first year, the thirty thousand copies bought in America alone, the French and German translations. Even in Iceland, says the gratified author, *Coelebs* "was read with great apparent profit," and from Geneva came a picture of Lucilla kneeling by the bedside of a poor pensioner.

*Tempora Mutantur*; we are at once more exacting and less patient than the reading public which hailed Hannah More as a prophetess. Her books, we fear, will remain high and dry on the top shelf, and as a literary memory she has almost ceased to be. But her genuine benevolence and warm support of humane and Christianising efforts that claimed her help and money almost amount to that "enthusiasm" which she dreaded. The anti-slavery movement, orphanages, hospitals, Sunday schools, the Bible Society, and foreign mission outposts as far apart as South Africa, Ceylon, and Newfoundland, all rejoiced in her liberality, both in her life and at her death, and it is as a philanthropist that she still deserves recognition.





The Reason Given.

*The real reason*



The Real Reason.

*by Frances Billing*

*Their excuse, missed the car and had to walk. Candy shop not mentioned.*

## THE GREAT FIRE OF OTTAWA

Anyone who saw the great Ottawa fire of 1900 with its spectacular beauty and terrifying fierceness will never forget it.

It happened on a typical warm spring day in April, when the high winds sent the clouds of dust scurrying down the street, and carried bits of paper high in the air; in fact, the very kind of day when a fire can be most treacherous. The clang of the fire-bell brought us children running from our play in excitement, and it was not long before we saw great clouds of smoke in the sky. In the street people gathered in frightened little groups to discuss the grave danger and men were hurrying to offer aid in the burning district.

The fire had begun across the Ottawa River in the little French city of Hull, where a woman who was preparing a dinner had poured coal oil in her stove to quicken the blaze. There had been an immediate explosion and in an incredibly short time, not only her own house, but every house on the street, was in flames. Darting tongues of fire leaped from building to building until finally the fire reached the river. At any other time this certainly would have been a barrier, but the exceedingly high wind hurled burning brands through the air and, finally, one vast sheet of flame swept across the water and began its dreadful work in the sister city.

From house to house it leaped, often destroying six in a row and then, by some strange freak, leaving the seventh untouched, the one remaining building encircled by a mass of blackened ruins. It was no time for cool deliberation or wise choice in saving the most valuable possessions; the flames advanced with such relentless speed that every human being fled before them, fortunate in saving his life, for the very air seemed an engulfing hissing monster.

Mingled with the tragedies of such a disaster were also many comical little episodes. One French woman had just been brought out of her house with difficulty when she frantically struggled to break away from her rescuers and re-enter it. She showed the greatest anxiety and grief over some cherished possession which had been left behind and finally, at the risk of her life, she succeeded in entering the burning building. In a few minutes she emerged breathless and ragged; but clutched by both hands she triumphantly carried a bowl containing three eggs! In another district a benevolent old gentleman had persuaded a substantial-looking washerwoman to come out of her house as far as the sidewalk, but farther away from her burning house she refused to go. In vain her would-be rescuer persuaded, and commanded; she was as firm as he and they resorted to physical

strength. She was no mean antagonist and around and around spun rescuer and rescued, her wide skirts flapping wildly in the wind, his clothes awry, but each had battle in the eye, and both were determined to fight to the finish. We passed on smiling and when we looked back they presented the appearance of a mammoth animated top.

As the afternoon wore on all communication between the two ends of the city was completely cut off; the electric cars stopped; the city was in darkness save for the lurid, menacing, terrible glare which overspread the sky. It seemed as if the fire, like some hungry animal, was seeking to engulf the whole city, for it turned this way and that and even turned back lest it might have missed some small part of its prey.

About midnight the wind changed. The firemen fought with fresh energy and with renewed hope, and by morning, greatly to their credit, had the conflagration under control. Everyone breathed more freely, and instead of vainly deploring his loss, thanked God that it had not been worse.

A few days later, when every smouldering pile had ceased to burn, we went to see the result of the disaster. We passed block after block and street after street of entirely devastated buildings and found scarcely a mark to distinguish one street from another. Each was alike in its charred remains; even the very stones were crumpled. All the oldest residences, some of which dated back to the founding of the city, were levelled to the ground in a single night, and all because of one ignorant woman's carelessness.

—KATHLYN HINTON.

Form VI.

## THE SELKIRK SETTLERS.

(Being extracts from the diary of Janet Sinclair, the daughter of John Sinclair, who came over with his wife and family in 1814 in Captain Miles Macdonald's detachment from Scotland and settled on the banks of the Red River.)

October, 1814.—We are settled at last, for which I can scarcely express my thankfulness. It seems like years since we left the dear old land! The journey over was calm, and no one was ill; but the trip from York Factory to our present headquarters was terrible. The great lake we crossed coming south was rough, and we were forced to take refuge at Jack's River on the shore of the lake for a few weeks. When we started on our way again we had finer weather, though many fell ill from a kind of fever that spread through our band. It was so mild, however, that no one died. Our captain, Miles Macdonald, was most brave

and cheerful, and encouraged those who were downcast. When we arrived we settled ourselves at Fort Douglas, on the west bank of the Red River. It was very beautiful last month when we arrived. I never saw such a mixture of glorious colors as in the autumn leaves; and just where we are situated the river has several picturesque turns.

November, 1814.—We are settled in a plain log house, white-washed on the inside and outside. It is divided into two rooms downstairs; over these there is an attic, into which we ascend by means of a ladder. In our living-room we have a large clay fireplace in the corner, a great deal table, and benches roughly hewn from logs. The floors are of beaten-down clay and are really quite smooth. Mother, Jessie, Agnes and myself are busy making a rag carpet for this room, as at present we have only a few wolf and bearskin rugs. Our other room downstairs we have divided with curtains and thus made into two bedrooms: one for mother and father, the other for us girls; the boys sleep in the attic. As most of the people in the fort have only two rooms and no attic, we have quite the best one, with the exception of the governor's. That comes of having a large family.

We have an acre of land in the fort for our house, but outside each father and the oldest boy in each family has a section. The boys fenced-in our acre the other day with poplar-saplings, with the result that it now looks quite respectable. Within the fort there is a large stable, where all the settlers put their cattle for the winter. Those who have more than three cows and two horses, however, build stables for the extra cattle. Father and the boys have just finished ploughing the fields for the grain next year. The farming implements given us to start with are almost useless, but a new and better set is coming from Quebec next spring, when Lord Selkirk himself comes. We have not much time for gaiety here till we are settled down to the routine of our work.

May, 1815.—We are actually back and safely inside of Fort Douglas again, which I thought we would never see any more. Those murderous Nor'-westers at Fort Gibraltar, two miles below at the fork, refused to obey Captain Macdonald's orders that no provisions should be taken out of the country, because food is always scarce in winter; consequently their supply was seized by some of our men at Souris. Captain Macdonald was angry at the foolish action, but that did not help, as the very next month, December, a band of traders from Fort Gibraltar seized our fort and made us all retreat to Jack's River. This journey, which was all by dog-sleigh, was so arduous that several of the women and children died. We remained there in suspense and anxiety till March, when Colonel Robertson came and brought us home again.



When we returned home we found that another party of colonists had arrived at the fort under the leadership of the new governor, Robert Semple. As soon as the latter could collect enough men he went to Fort Gibraltar and captured it, but without bloodshed. Later, however, he returned it to the Nor'-westers. Governor Semple was so angry at this that he seized the fort and tore it down. No one of Fort Douglas approved of his action, because we were afraid that some of our men would be killed. Time proved that our fears were not unfounded, for two of the McDougal boys and Mr. Fiddler were shot. Their funeral was held last Saturday, when they were buried in the graveyard on the river bank outside the fort.

October, 1816.—We are again at Jack's River, and this time, I am afraid, never to return; at least, the outlook is so gloomy that no one seems to be able to see farther than that. Last June the Nor'-westers, angry at the outrage Governor Semple had perpetrated, attacked our fort, and we were all forced to retreat. Our men all rushed out with firearms, and a battle took place at Seven Oaks. We called it Seven Oaks because of seven beautiful oak trees which formed a restful grove in summer. Many of our men were killed, Governor Semple among the number. My cousin, Angus Macpherson, was badly wounded, but our boys all escaped.

(After the uniting of the two companies, the exiles at Jack's River were brought back and given sections along the river bank, where their descendants live to this day. Among the most notable of the old families are the Norquays and McTavishes, who have given to Manitoba valuable citizens.)

DOROTHY COLCLEUGH, Matric. I.

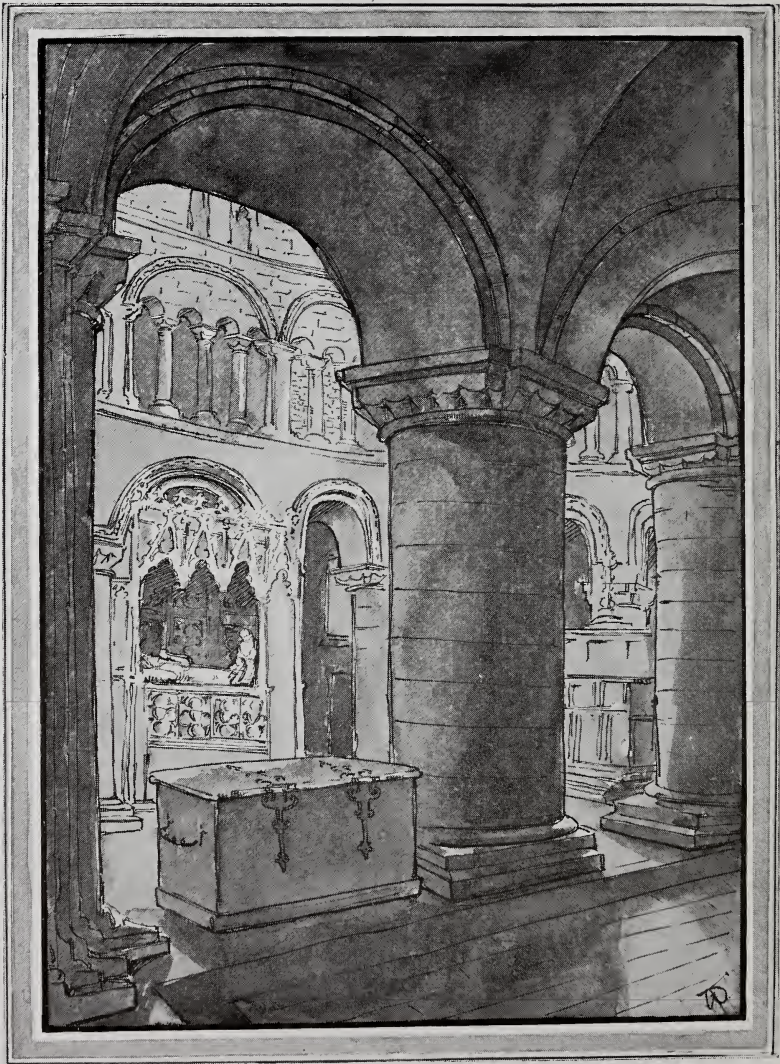
### THE THIRTEEN CLUB.

Rumour has been publishing the obituary notice of the Thirteen Club. This is premature, indeed; the announcement must be postponed indefinitely. The club is by no means defunct, and at the end of April it will arise from its winter sleep as a bear refreshed.

The members of this new club are those mistresses and girls who sit at Miss Jones' table; hence the number; hence the name of the club.

The first entertainment was given at the end of the autumn term, and took the form of a shadow performance, which the spectators voted a thorough success. All the thirteen members took an extremely active part in the proceedings. "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?" and the classic "What's the Matter With Father?" were among the favourite pictures.

G. M. S.



Rachere's Tomb, S. Bartholomew's the Great.

## THE CHURCH OF S. BARTHOLOMEW

In that part of London, which is still mediæval in name, a narrow lane leads from Little Britain, in the shadow of S. Bartholomew's Hospital, to the porch of a church, almost extinguished by dilapidated houses and untidy courts.

The church of S. Bartholomew's was founded by Rahère, who is popularly supposed to have been a jester to William Rufus: he certainly frequented that dissolute court, under the patronage of Richard de Belmeis, afterwards Bishop of London. Rahère ceased his jesting and entered the Church: while making a pilgrimage to Rome he contracted malarial fever and as thank-offering for his recovery, he vowed to build a hospital, 'yn recreacion of pore men.' It is related that in a subsequent vision, S. Bartholomew appeared to him, desiring the building of a church, as well as a hospital and indicating Smithfield for the site, Rahère obtained titles to some land in the King's market and in March 1123 he began to build the Hospital of S. Bartholomew on its present site and soon after, the priory, of which the church in part remains and is now known as S. Bartholomew's the Great. Rahère died in September 1144 and was buried on the north side of the altar of the church. His tomb, on which is a very ancient recumbent stone effigy of him, in the habit of an Augustinian canon, is surmounted by a much later Perpendicular canopy. Like S. John's Chapel in the Tower of London, the church was built in the Norman style and the whole nave-arcade and semicircular apse remain intact. While many scoff at the rudeness and lack of refinement of the Norman architecture, yet the fidelity and stableness of the massive columns, the vast shadows, deep and luminous as Rembrandt drawings, are surely much grander and more solemn than the fripperies of later Gothic and Renaissance work and even in the prosaic present, the church is peopled by twelve centuries of worshippers, motley and various in speech and attire, yet one in function and purpose.



## A TRUE TALE.

Let others sing in ardent strain  
Their conquests in the Alps!  
But I with sorrow must refrain.  
Nor can I cause from off your scalps  
Th' admiring hair to stand erect  
With shudd'ring tale of victory snatch'd  
From perilous peak; of foot just checked  
On precipice edge; nor flaunt my patched  
And faded garb 'fore envious eyes.  
Such hopes, such joys, my Fate denies!

Alas! a humble lay I sing;  
Unfilled with honour, filled with pain.  
E'en as I fly on memory's wing  
Back to those peaks I longed in vain  
To climb, from out mine eyes the tears  
Gush forth in torrents, and their flow  
Not lightly checked till dreadful fears  
Of reddened nose stop short my woe.  
'Twas clothes, kind friend, not courage lacked.  
They were far off in luggage packed.

One day, while wandering sad along  
Broad Axenstrasse, swift I thought  
Of Wilhelm Tell, renowned in song,  
Who, by bold deed, his freedom bought.  
Just then, in front, I saw a man,  
Not tall, not thin, in checks arrayed;  
Such valiant checks, desire outran  
My bringing up; no thought delayed  
Of pity this my purpose plain,  
Those checks, that climbing garb to gain.

He glanced behind; he caught mine eye  
Appraising him in width and length.  
A shuddering seized him, and the sky  
He sought in aid. With all his strength  
He prayed the gods to bear in mind  
The fact that he had children eight.  
He fled; I followed like the wind;  
Remorseless purpose offset weight.  
At last he spoke, then sought th' abyss:  
"You're welcome, if you get them, Miss."

I dwelt not on the orphans' fate,  
 For sadder thoughts oppressed my mind.  
 Perchance I was for dinner late.  
 So homewards fled, nor looked behind,  
 But in Lucerne, search as I might,  
 Were not the equal of those cheeks,  
 Which, 'dorning still that worthless wight  
 Lay fathoms deep. 'Twould angels vex!  
 Therefore I roam, a saddened critter,  
 And nurse my woe, exceeding bitter.

Y. Z.

### WINTER SPORTS IN WEST KOOTENAY

West Kootenay, B.C., with its chief city, Nelson, should soon be as noted for winter sports in Canada, as Switzerland is in Europe. The mountains and lakes make such a splendid combination that practically all winter sports may be enjoyed. Each one in the population, both in the cities and in the country, likes one sport more than the others, and they can practise it to their hearts' content, from the child in the baby carriage to the old man curling. Nelson is never cold enough to be uncomfortable, the average lowest temperature being 6 deg. below zero. Plenty of snow falls, two or three feet, but it soon packs down hard on the roads. It does not thaw much in the middle of the day, so it is not sloppy. From the end of November to the middle of March it never rains, and the days are—except, of course, when it snows—beautifully bright and clear, the snow shining white on the trees and mountains, which look pink in the sunrise and sunset, and a bright blue sky above. For these reasons I think West Kootenay an ideal place in which to enjoy the winter.

Wherever there is any ice the chief attraction is always skating. Most winters the west arm of Kootenay Lake freezes over, and, until deep snow comes, you may skate for five or ten miles on good ice. When there has been a steady fall of snow, the school children go in a body to the jail to interview the warden. If he is in a good humor he takes out a dozen or so convicts armed with shovels and brooms and sets them to clear a large enough patch for hockey, another one for plain skating, and paths through the snow so as to get from one place to another. There is also one of the largest rinks in Canada at Nelson, the ice always being good except just at the end of the season. Very little fancy skating is done there, as few people seem to care for it, but there are some splendid skaters who are very graceful without the fancy part.

The next most popular pursuit is bobsleighing. One street is entirely given up by the city to this sport in the winter, all

rigs and vehicles having to use alleys, as it would be very dangerous to all concerned if heavy wagons or sleighs were allowed to use the street. A bobsleigh is made of two hand-sleighs, with steel runners, with a board about 14 inches wide and 6 or 8 feet long. One sleigh is nailed securely to the back of the board; the other sleigh is bolted to the front of the board so that it is possible to turn very fine corners. There is no sleigh under the middle of the board, and it is therefore very springy. Ropes are attached to the rings on the front sleigh, railings are nailed to the sides of the board, and a strut, along the front of the board against which the person steering rests his feet in order to get more purchase on the steering ropes. A "bob" of this size will hold about six persons, and when fully loaded will go like the wind. The person steering needs a strong wrist and a pair of good eyes. Bumps get worn in the road, and then, if you do not take them dead straight, the "bob" will skid, shoot all its occupants off and scatter them down the road. Accidents sometimes happen when it skids, such as running into a telegraph post, or right over the sidewalk and through a picket fence into someone's garden. The road gets worn perfectly smooth with the snow packed hard, and the street is very noisy and unsafe for pedestrians from the time school is let out until twelve o'clock at night.

Quite a lot of skiing is done in Nelson, there being a number of Swedes and Norwegians there. It is good fun, but takes a great deal of patience to get the idea of it at first. If you are going down a steep hill and the toes of the skis get crossed it is all up, and you fall flat on your nose. It is very difficult to turn corners on them unless you have a stick to scratch along on the side to which you wish to turn. Some of the Swedes are adepts at it and can jump and do all kinds of things on skis, but it is a really difficult accomplishment as you need such a fine sense of balance. For climbing mountains on skis they tack deerskin with the hair downwards on the bottom of the skis. The hair does not hamper you going down—it rather accelerates the speed—and going up you walk on the skis and the hair pushes the wrong way, so that you cannot slide down, as you would without the hair.

Snowshoeing is especially useful to the trappers, of whom there are a good many in the district, and also to prospectors. The bear-paw snowshoes are used in the mountains, as they are much wider, shorter and more upturned in front than the kind used on the prairies. As the snow is often from fourteen to twenty feet deep up in the mountains, snowshoes are most useful to those who have to travel over them. The snow covers the brush and does not reach the lowest branches of the fir trees, so it is practically clear going, and a good speed can be kept up.

In Nelson the dogs as well as the people have their winter



sport—that is, dog-sleigh racing; and they thoroughly enjoy it, especially when it ends in a fight. All kinds of dogs take part, from terriers to deerhounds, bulldogs and St. Bernards. It is very difficult to get the dogs started fairly, as they always want to go, or else fight. Their masters stay at the side of the track and encourage them. Each dog has a harness with a light sleigh attached, and a small boy (or sometimes girl) has to sit on the sleigh or hang on. The driver, as they call him, has to be on the sleigh when the dog finishes. It is great fun for the spectators.

Curling is somehow always thought of as an old man's game; but, nevertheless, it takes great skill. It is the national game of Scotland, as cricket is of England or lacrosse of Canada, and almost every Scotchman plays. They have no separate curling rink in Nelson, but flood part of the exhibition building, which does quite as well.

For those who wish to combine pleasure with profit there can be found plenty of both in trapping. All kinds of valuable fur-bearing animals are numerous, and good hunting may be found almost anywhere. There are lynx, wolves, coyotes, bears, deer, marten, mink, muskrats, weasels or ermine, wolverines, cougars, fishers, otters, and beavers.

A favorite sport with the boys is snowballing the "Yellow Peril," especially if he is loaded down with bags of washing. The Chinaman in Nelson has a lovely time all the year round: in winter, snowballs; in summer, bad eggs and rotten tomatoes.

The sportsmen of Nelson have just found out what sport does for the people in general, and have formed a Sports Club. Each man who is an adept over the others in any one branch has voluntarily consented to teach what he knows to anyone who wants to learn. Everyone in the district is taking a great interest in it, and as it is for both summer and winter sports, Nelson will perhaps send some contestants to the next Olympic Games.

—AMY EBBUTT,  
Form VI.

## CAPTAIN SCOTT

Twice within one short year the world has been horrified by the news of a terrible disaster: first, by the sinking of that splendid sea-palace, the "Titanic," and now by the heartbreaking news that the expedition of our Antarctic explorers has been darkened by the loss of its brave commander and four of his best men.

It was early in 1910 that Scott, one of the most famous Antarctic explorers, left New Zealand for the polar regions with a twofold object in view: to discover the South Pole and to collect

scientific data concerning conditions existing in that part of the world. With him went the best-equipped of expeditions—everything, from men to dogs, being absolutely complete. The whole party sailed on the “Terra Nova,” which was to be their home for the first stage of the journey.

Prospects were bright when first the ship was left, and parties consisting of four or five men were despatched in several directions with special orders as to their various duties. The polar party, however, composed of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, Captain Oates, Lieutenant Bower and Seaman Evans, had not long left their comrades before they began to battle with difficulties. As the dogs, then almost invaluable to them, had been divided among the other little companies, the commander and those with him were forced to draw their own sledges; thus the work was made very tiring for each one and progress was considerably delayed. Nevertheless, in spite of this and many other drawbacks, they pressed on, brave and hopeful, little suspecting what was to greet them at their destination. What must have been their disappointment when they finally reached the goal to find the flag of Norway floating defiantly from the spot which they had sought!

It is not difficult to imagine their feelings as they regarded it; but, from what we know of our great British nation, those feelings would be far from bitter. Regretful, of course, but with congratulations for the victorious Norsemen and a gladness that it should be men of such a race who triumphed—men who, like themselves, would have known the manner in which to take defeat, known how to play the game.

However, although Captain Scott thus failed to realize one part of his quest, he was signally successful as far as the other was concerned, inasmuch as his valuable manuscripts were found intact by the search party.

The return journey was one long period of suffering, fighting against the merciless blizzard, trying to make supplies last them out and endeavouring to help one another in every possible way. The unselfishness of the other men when Seaman Evans suffered concussion of the brain; the way in which they cared for him, never leaving him even though he was a hindrance to their progress, will always be remembered. They knew that they were certainly courting death by remaining with him, and it is this that makes the deed so noble; but, in spite of everything they could do, he died and the four weak and shaken men pushed on to fight the remainder of their battles.

On the seventeenth of March, after the world had received the news of Amundsen's victory, Captain Oates, suffering beyond human endurance, went out into the night to die alone. Scott

himself wrote: "We knew that Oates was walking to his death, but, though we tried to dissuade him, we knew that it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman"; and who can truthfully say otherwise? His name will be remembered forever by the English and will add glory to the honour of his race. There is no need to dwell on that last and greatest tragedy of all—the death of the dauntless explorer and his two remaining comrades as they lay, far away from all they held most dear, in a poor bit of shelter while the blizzard roared and raged about them.

Captain Scott's death is a remarkable one. It is wonderful to think that, with all his pain and suffering, he still managed to complete the record of one of the most perilous journeys ever undertaken by man. No complaining, no bitterness is contained in its pages; not a word against the will of Providence, to which they bowed themselves like men, "determined to do our best to the last."

Innumerable tributes have been paid to the heroic little band, and these have helped to make us realize that, after all, we could have wished them no more noble, splendid death than was theirs. To our list of heroes we add Oates, Wilson, Bowers, Evans, and greater, perhaps, than any—Robert Falcon Scott.

"He died, and bitter was his death, but we,  
E'en while we mourn o'er Death, see Victory."

GERTRUDE A. STEELE, Upper V.

## EVENING

The sun is setting in the golden West,  
The ruddy glow spreads o'er the azure dome;  
The crow and sparrow hurrying seek their nest,  
And parting leave the fields for owls to roam.

The whip-poor-will sets up his plaintive cry,  
The dormouse scurries quickly to and fro,  
The cricket chants his ode in accents high,  
The wind in whispers tells a tale you know.

The silver moon is rising in the sky,  
The evening star is twinkling through the gloom,  
The farmhouse lights shine brightly in and out,  
And straying cattle turn their heads to home.

And yet another summer day is spent,  
The stillness of a summer night creeps on,  
The vivid lightning flashes through the dusk,  
And thunder heralds the approaching storm.

STELLA MOZLEY, Lower V.

## THE PEANUT MAN

O Peanut Man! O Peanut Man! how constant thine attentions!  
Yes, not alone in autumn-time,  
But up to winter's frost and rime—  
How constant thine attentions!

O Prospero! or Giorgio! so oft outside the College!  
To draw the juniors' cents apace  
With all thy suave sub-tropic grace—  
So oft outside the College!

O Angelo! or Nicolo! why not produce an organ?  
With gleeful monkey perched above,  
Attracting endless cents and love—  
Why not produce an organ?

O Enrico! or Pietro! what dost thou in the zeros?  
Where lies thy barrow's shy retreat?  
And do the peanuts sprout in heat  
Or freeze amid the zeros?

O Peanut Man! O Peanut Man! Afar no doubt thou'rt weeding  
A little snug pea-nuttery  
With paper bags 'neath eve'ry tree,  
For next year's Western feeding.

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## CATALINA ISLAND

Among the many beautiful places to be seen in California is Catalina—one of a series of island-mountains which is not far away from Los Angeles. What a magnificent scene presents itself to the eye of the traveller on approaching the island! When once he has set foot upon the shore how great is his admiration of the beauty around him! Add to the mysterious charms of nature an ideal climate and you will not wonder that during all seasons of the year this island is thronged with tourists.

Natural scenery, however, is not all that this island has to offer to the visitor. There are a great many curio shops which contain all kinds of queer articles. For instance, I saw mermaids and mermen made of seaweed, and I must confess that I felt a bit uncanny at the sight. So famous are these curio-shops that Catalina Island has now become the Mecca for curio-hunters from all over the world.

Then, too, one of the chief delights of the island is the trip in the glass-bottomed boat. This boat, which is of small size, is



built with a large space in the middle which has glass both in the bottom and the sides. In this space are arranged the seats for the spectator and, as the boat sails along, he can peer through the glass and become acquainted with the world of the fishes.

The first thing which came under our boat was a large seal which made all the ladies scream; next we saw large shoals of gold-fish, some of which were as long as nine inches; then we saw some sardines swimming along. The bottom of the sea presented a beautiful scene; there is seaweed growing like grass; there are innumerable tiny trees; there are all kinds of rare and precious stones; some of the rocks form tunnels about which the tiny fish either play or swim. When we came to a number of very beautiful abalone shells, a man went around and took the names of people who would like to buy one for twenty-five cents. He said that if enough people cared to have one he would dive after some of the rarest shells. As every person aboard was desirous of possessing one of these rare treasures, we had the pleasure of watching the diver descend from the boat. Then we saw him swimming around under the glass, reminding us of an immense fish; now he would wink and smile quite naturally, now he would wave. When he came up every person was so delighted at having seen the shells growing that he made a great deal of money on that day. When we landed, however, we were not so well pleased, for men were selling the same kind of shells for five cents; we were told that the diver buys the shells for this small sum and then throws them in the course of the glass-bottomed boat.

No doubt you will agree with me that this is a magnificent spot, but take warning from my experience and do not be deceived by the diver.

HELEN WILLSON,  
Lower Shell.

### BOARDING SCHOOL EUCLID.

1. All boarding school bells are not equal to the same thing; hence, they cannot be equal to one another.
2. A boarder is sometimes a scalene triangle, that is, a figure with unequal sides; sometimes an acute-angled triangle, that is, a figure which hath acute angles.
3. Boarders on an equal basis, and between the same parallel, have equal room area.
4. A cubicle hath height, air and sound, but no magnitude for silence.
5. A wrangle is a disinclination to each other of two boarders that meet together, but who are not of the same mind.

## POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS.

A mistress cannot be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A bee-line may be made from any one room to any other room.

If there be two boarders on the same floor and the amount of side of the one boarder to the Duty-Mistress be equal to the amount of side of the other boarder to the Duty-Mistress, then shall the results to the two boarders be equal to one another. For, if not, let one result be the greater, then the other result is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

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## EASTER SURPRISES

O, happy, happy Easter,  
That comes but once a year,  
And brings us spring and gladness,  
And greatest hope and cheer!

We see the little bunnies  
Go skipping to and fro;  
And chocolate eggs that vanish,  
We don't know where they go.

See the children's faces glad;  
Each lifts up its little hand  
To get the Easter goodies  
That come from Candyland.

The funny chickens then we see,  
That seem to be just born;  
For many great surprises flock  
To greet us Easter morn.

B. CREIGHTON,  
V. Special.

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Their names begin with H and an E,  
Two inches apart you'll never them see.  
One's arms encircle the other one's neck,  
While hers in their turn E's heartbeats do check.  
Now the end of all this, I beg you to know,  
Is that, like Siamese twins, together they'll grow.



## THE PEANUT HABIT

The most amusing incident that ever happened to me, occurred when I was seven years old. I will tell it as it happened.

My mother took me to Deer Lodge to spend the afternoon; it was a lovely day in August, and I was in high spirits expecting a great time. Well, we had just entered and the first thing I did, naturally, was to go to a refreshment stand where I exchanged my nickel for a bag of fresh roasted peanuts. I gravely marched down the path by mother's side en route to see the buffalo; I was wondering whether I should offer it peanuts or grass when I happened to look over my shoulder and—— oh horrors!——coming



towards me at full speed was a malicious goat; I took to my heels, but the goat kept on going. As we were racing at railroad speed I was wondering if I would ever see home again, when, in the distance, I espied another peanut stand, towards which I steered, and ended the race by running into it, and nearly knocking everything over. The man then told me that Mr. Goat was only after the peanuts, which I gave him, and we became fast friends.

But to add to my humiliation, when I went back to find mother, expecting her sympathy, she was actually laughing as if it were a joke; my tender feelings were hurt, for, at the time, I saw nothing to laugh at.

RUTH FAIRBAIRN,

Lower Shell.

There was once a young maiden called Pauline,  
Who fell on her leg so it turned all green.

The doctor when brought,

Exclaimed, as he ought:

"She's a brave little girl as you've all seen!"

## FORM ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Friday night parties given by the various Forms during the winter term have been even more successful than those of previous years.

Besides providing a little fun, these Form Evenings have a good influence upon the members of the Form. Not only are the various girls brought into closer touch one with the other, but they are made to realize that they are responsible for their own Form; its general appearance, its character, its enthusiasm for good work rests largely with them. Then, too, there may be some shy, retiring girl who possesses inventive power, but who needs to be encouraged to come forth into the light. The Form Entertainment will be certain to give the required encouragement.

The first party was held on January 31st, when Fifth Special gave the clarion call for a skating party on the College rink. Those who did not feel inclined to join the merrymakers on the ice played games in the Assembly Hall. At a quarter past nine, after the skaters had joined the other guests in the Hall, dainty refreshments were served. When full justice was done to these, there was just time for a couple of dances before the clock struck ten. Good-night songs were then sung, and the guests, loud in their praises of the party, dispersed to their beds.

A very successful entertainment was given by the Fourth Form on February 27th. The entertainment provided was a clever representation of Madame Tussaud's Waxworks.

After a short preliminary speech, during the course of which Britannia was introduced, there appeared on the stage characters dating as far back as the time of the Tudors. Wafted off on the wings of its imagination to those far-off, remote days, the audience was delighted. It required some talent to bring those "shadowy" figures of history so vividly before us. All congratulate the Form on its cleverness.

The Upper Third Form's party was held on the eve of St. Valentine's Day. The Assembly Hall was decorated in honour of the beloved saint, and the game of the evening was one of chance, called "Hearts." All the sandwiches, cakes and candies were "hearts," and we can certainly say from our "hearts" that the party was a very enjoyable one.

The twentieth of the same month was Lower Third Form's date. On this night a very original party called "Topsy Turvy

Zoo" was given. This has been graphically described by one of the small hostesses:—

The Lower Third Form, on its night,  
Held a Topsy Turvy Zoo.  
A merry night it was, you're right,  
There were no end of things to do.

The monkeys, what a din they caused!  
Sad was the fate of peanut seen.  
Side-shows all o'er, no chance to pause,  
The "She-Tortoise" made the guests so keen.

There sat the teachers in "Dear Lodge"  
When it was time to have some cake;  
They all agreed 'twas quite a dodge.  
They smiled, they talked, just for our sake.

At ten the Zoo was closed; 'twas time.  
Else had we wee ones soon have dozed.  
I've tried to tell you all in rhyme,  
But, woe is me, 'tis hard, you know.

AIRDRIE BELL,  
Lower Third Form.

The Shell Form had its party on February 27th. Scenes from "The Mill on the Floss" were presented. The parts were well acted, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The characters represented were:—  
Mrs. Pullet ..... Jean Bell  
Mrs. Tulliver ..... Christina Lyall  
Mrs. Deane ..... Ruth Fairbairn  
Mrs. Glegg ..... Frances Billings  
Maggie Tulliver ..... Evelyn Todd  
Gypsy ..... Mary Watson  
Gypsy Child ..... Edith McGarvey

On March 6th, the First Matric and Upper Fifth Forms entertained us with "Living Pictures," and, incidentally, with "Shadowy" ones, too, the former being given in a large frame, with a dark background, while the latter were thrown on the ceiling unintentionally.

Some of the pictures represented were:—The Three Fates, Execution of Lady Jane Grey, Sairey Gamp.

On March 13th a most enjoyable evening was spent in a law court, or, rather, an imaginary one, in which we met Mr.

Pickwick and friends, the lawyers, and the Sleeping Judge. This court scene from Pickwick Papers was Lower Fifth's party. We certainly enjoyed ourselves, and we hope that before long there will be another "Trial Scene."

The First and Second Forms gave a very interesting entertainment on March 27th, to which the parents, Staff, and boarders were invited.

The "Toy Shop," presented by the First Form, was very amusing. A scene of merriment greeted our eyes, for we peeped



The Caste of "The Rivals," given by Matric. II.

into the shop during the wee sma' hours of the night, when the dolls indulge in fun and frolic. The "shop" was well stocked with different kinds of gaily dressed sailor dolls, a Jumping Jack, Mary, the Dutch doll, a charming but very proud French doll, her friend the officer, and our old friend Jack Tar.

The French nursery rhymes (in action), which were sung by the Second Form, delighted us beyond measure. We were very proud of the splendid French accent acquired by the children.

The last party was given by the Second Matric and Sixth Forms on March 28th, when "The Rivals" was presented. In every way it was a first-class amateur play. The staging was well done, the costumes were cleverly made, and the acting was good.



Much credit is due to the untiring efforts of Miss Springate, who trained the girls so well.

Dramatis personae:—

Mrs. Malaprop .....	Margaret Macnab
Lydia Languish .....	Grace Langlois
Sir Anthony Absolute .....	Marion Bell
Captain Absolute .....	Kathlyn Hinton
Lucy, the maid .....	Gladys Dandy
Sir Lucius O'Trigger .....	Florence Carey
Julia, Lydia's Cousin .....	Mary Stewart
Fag (Servant) .....	Fanny Rosner
David (Servant) .....	Dorothy McDougall
Bob Acres .....	Amy Ebbutt
Faulkland .....	Marjorie Stewart

Mention must be made, too, of the originality and splendid workmanship displayed on "the posters" announcing the various entertainments. The girls are very grateful to Miss Thompson, who spared no effort to enable them to perfect their ideas.

—GRACE LANGLOIS,  
Form VI.

## THE HALLOW-E'EN MASQUERADE

Sharp at eight o'clock on Hallow-e'en night the bell which summoned the merrymakers to the Assembly Hall was sounded. Chinamen, fairies, witches, clowns, Indians, court belles, boot-blacks, soldiers and others in original costumes then formed in line for the ghostly parade. In semi-darkness, and amid many shrieks, the masqueraders, led by Miss Jones, attired as good Queen Eleanor, made a complete tour of the College. Then, when the Assembly Hall was again reached, the lights were turned on and the dancing started.

Eva Leckie, dressed as a "baby," played the first waltz. At once, rude clowns, bootblacks and Chinamen danced off with queens, fairies and ladies of high rank. To our horror, the Germ of Measles, so dreaded in Havergal, appeared in our midst; a tall Miss Chisholm danced with a short Miss Norrington; Happy Hooligan romped around with many a saintly looking maiden. Shortly after nine o'clock Hallowe'en refreshments were served.

When full justice had been done to the apples and nuts, Miss Norrington announced the names of the prizewinners. Miss Holditch as a "Chef" was awarded the Mistresses' Prize for the cleverest costume; Margaret Speechly, as "Happy Hooligan," gained



the Girls' Comic Prize, and the prize for the prettiest girl's costume was won by Helen Lethbridge, who represented "An Old-fashioned Girl." Little Alix McBride was awarded a consolation prize.

When the big clock of the Assembly Hall struck ten the faces of the strangely costumed girls looked rather woe-begone, for this made them realize that the delightful Hallow-e'en party must come to a sudden end. Good-nights were then said, and the tired but happy girls hastened off upstairs to bed.

MARJORIE STEWART,  
Form VI.

### MADELINE ETENAISHI.

Often, after Miss Jones has read us a letter from the Hay River Mission telling us something about Madeline, a new girl is heard inquiring, "Who is Madeline Etenaishi?" Accordingly, we must introduce Madeline and her home to you.

She is a little Indian girl, about twelve years old, who lives at the Hay River Mission on the Mackenzie River. She is supported at this school by the girls of Havergal College.

In attendance at this mission there are about forty Indian children, twenty girls and twenty boys. Besides the usual school lessons, the boys are instructed in carving and other trades, while the girls are taught to sew and keep house. During March we received a letter from Madeline. It was all carefully written and quite entertaining, but we were particularly interested in her account of a spelling-match that had recently taken place in her class.

Every year we hold a bazaar to raise the money for Madeline's expenses. Last year we realized a larger amount than ever before. The Lower Fourth's serial concerts were most entertaining; the Lower Fifth sold candy at a pink-and-white stall, while the Shell Form indulged in an ice-cream parlor. In our enumeration we must not forget the two Matriculation Forms, whose popular tea and strawberry and cream stands added greatly to the fund.

Now the time is again drawing near when we begin to think once more of our yearly fete. We must work hard so that our little protégée may be as well provided for in the future as she has been in the past.

STELLA MOZLEY,  
Lower V.

# ODE TO MY DENTIST.

One day the Demon Toothache  
 Seized me; I near went mad.  
 I really was beside myself—  
 The words I used were bad.

I feared the name of dentist,  
 The chair, the pain, the bill;  
 But p'raps they're better on the whole,  
 I mused, than being ill.

Besides, my face is swelling—  
 I look a horrid sight;  
 So if I find a dentist,  
 He soon may put me right.

I 'phoned one, went, and also found  
 My faith in him was placed;  
 I knew he would be kind to me,  
 Though much had to be faced.

He saw my tooth, and said with truth:  
 "You've had a fearful bout;  
 The only thing to do is now  
 At once to have it out."

"Oh dear!" I sighed, "how awful!"  
 And felt inclined to run.  
 The cost? "With gas, a guinea";  
 "Without, five shillings." Done!

One wrench, and all was over—  
 The abscess and the tooth.  
 The dentist's hand so steady —  
 He is a genius! Truth!

Relief was felt at once, of course,  
 Although the gum was sore;  
 But being told I couldn't eat  
 For two days vexed me more.

The fee I paid with gratitude,  
And then made up my mind:  
A kinder, cleverer dentist man  
I can't expect to find.

Some time elapsed before I went  
To this good man again.  
With indigestion racked, I sought  
A specialist on pain!

He said, "More teeth you want—that's clear.  
A dentist you must find."  
"Oh, I have got a splendid man—  
He's clever, good and kind!"

This time my dentist made me  
A dinner service new,  
Of golden plate, like royalty;  
It does seem strange, but true!

That plate took all my pain away;  
My gratitude was great.  
It seemed more like a miracle,  
So soon was I set straight.

His gentleness was wonderful:  
Such patience, work and skill!  
Oh, knowledge! What a power thou art,  
Whether for good or ill!

Stern etiquette, I fear, forbids  
That I the name should tell!  
Of one who so improved my looks  
That I've been since a belle!

This rhyme at last is ended,  
The moral you will see:  
Go to the best of dentists,  
And you'll rewarded be.

C. H. G.

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Cubicles (8 p.m., stormy night): "Is that a man or a telegraph pole peering up at our windows? What is the police 'phone number?"

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*N.B.—Anonymous complaints or requests will not receive attention. Do not waste ink, paper and time criticising other writers. Questions regarding card-playing are not solicited in this department.*

B.C.—Yes, the Bursar's office is often used as a pound. A worm's eye view can be obtained from floor of front hall, but we understand that the keyhole will shortly be enlarged to meet a growing demand.

SMALL P.—No; rice pudding is not served at the junior table every other day, but, as at Government House, on alternate Mondays and Thursdays.

FIFTH SPECIAL.—Try salt or soda baths. Mustard improves the colour. Salt need not be rubbed on tails, as with sparrows, but gentle friction with fountain pen speedily restores animation.

HOLYROOD.—The stain of Rizzio's life-blood still attracts tourists to this venerable pile. Similar effects can be produced on any oak floor at less cost, and with equally lasting results. Address, enclosing stamp for reply, Upper Third Form.

M.C.—Your lots are worth \$5 a foot. Only fair holding. There is little chance of a rise in that district.

CUBICLES.—The best view of visitors entering front hall is from landing above telephone box, either at full length, with head between balusters, or on hands and knees. Explain to Duty Mistress that you are getting a drink, and she will probably let you take your rest hour there.

ENQUIRER.—Never send a query without your name and address. The father, mother, brother or sister of any person who has contracted the habit of eating ice-cream to excess, or any two clergymen or justices of the peace, may require the inspector for the district under the Ice-Cream License Act to forbid the sale of ice-cream to the person named.

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One sad day towards the end of March,  
Miss Holditch fell ill with a disease called "Warch."  
Naturally doctors don't call it this;  
But to invent a disease must really be bliss!

The fee I paid with gratitude,  
And then made up my mind:  
A kinder, cleverer dentist man  
I can't expect to find.

Some time elapsed before I went  
To this good man again.  
With indigestion racked, I sought  
A specialist on pain!

He said, "More teeth you want—that's clear.  
A dentist you must find."  
"Oh, I have got a splendid man—  
He's clever, good and kind!"

This time my dentist made me  
A dinner service new,  
Of golden plate, like royalty;  
It does seem strange, but true!

That plate took all my pain away;  
My gratitude was great.  
It seemed more like a miracle,  
So soon was I set straight.

His gentleness was wonderful:  
Such patience, work and skill!  
Oh, knowledge! What a power thou art,  
Whether for good or ill!

Stern etiquette, I fear, forbids  
That I the name should tell  
Of one who so improved my looks  
That I've been since a belle!

This rhyme at last is ended,  
The moral you will see:  
Go to the best of dentists,  
And you'll rewarded be.

C. H. G.

---

Cubicles (8 p.m., stormy night): "Is that a man or a telegraph pole peering up at our windows? What is the police 'phone number?"



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*N.B.—Anonymous complaints or requests will not receive attention. Do not waste ink, paper and time criticising other writers. Questions regarding card-playing are not solicited in this department.*

B.C.—Yes, the Bursar's office is often used as a pound. A worm's eye view can be obtained from floor of front hall, but we understand that the keyhole will shortly be enlarged to meet a growing demand.

SMALL P.—No; rice pudding is not served at the junior table every other day, but, as at Government House, on alternate Mondays and Thursdays.

FIFTH SPECIAL.—Try salt or soda baths. Mustard improves the colour. Salt need not be rubbed on tails, as with sparrows, but gentle friction with fountain pen speedily restores animation.

HOLYROOD.—The stain of Rizzio's life-blood still attracts tourists to this venerable pile. Similar effects can be produced on any oak floor at less cost, and with equally lasting results. Address, enclosing stamp for reply, Upper Third Form.

M.C.—Your lots are worth \$5 a foot. Only fair holding. There is little chance of a rise in that district.

CUBICLES.—The best view of visitors entering front hall is from landing above telephone box, either at full length, with head between balusters, or on hands and knees. Explain to Duty Mistress that you are getting a drink, and she will probably let you take your rest hour there.

ENQUIRER.—Never send a query without your name and address. The father, mother, brother or sister of any person who has contracted the habit of eating ice-cream to excess, or any two clergymen or justices of the peace, may require the inspector for the district under the Ice-Cream License Act to forbid the sale of ice-cream to the person named.

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One sad day towards the end of March,  
Miss Holditch fell ill with a disease called "Warch."  
Naturally doctors don't call it this;  
But to invent a disease must really be bliss!



## SUMMER FUN

Now that winter's gone and past,  
We have summer here at last;  
On the sidewalk we hear skipping,  
Little feet and laughter rippling.

When the holidays have come,  
And high time it is for fun,  
Some off to the lakes go humming,  
Thinking of the good times coming.

Then, hurrah for our best sports,  
Swimming, diving of all sorts;  
And launching sometimes is great fun,  
In the shade and in the sun.

When there are regattas gay,  
People watching while we play;  
And those joining in the races  
Are all aglow with happy faces.

Now the holidays are over,  
And a new leaf we turn over;  
Back to school again we fly  
To shun back marks in vain we try.  
(We hope they do.—Ed.)

HERMIONE BLACKWOOD,  
Form IV.

Pupil (who supposes the mistress, who has dictated at least twenty-five words, to be a bit of a mind reader): "Would you please pronounce the words *I* did not get?"

## A CHAT IN THE PASTURE

In Mr. Porter's lovely old pasture, under the shade of a big tree, stood a pretty little pony and a big white horse. "My master," the pony was saying, "sold me to a man who had a little girl named Peggy. The first morning she rode me I knew I would not like her, for she hit me with a thing they call a crop, and her hand was heavy on my bit. When I came in I was very hot and they gave me water to drink. In the afternoon the mistress of the house came out to look at me. About a week after that I was standing in my stall when the horse next to me began kicking the wall. I could smell smoke. Then a man came into my stall, put something over my eyes and led me out. I could hear a nasty crackling sound. Lady, the big black horse, got badly burnt and she had to be shot. The next day I was taken to a livery stable and a man came in to look at me; he examined me carefully and talked with my master about buying me. In the afternoon I was brought here and since then I have been very happy." Just then the groom came into the pasture and took me into the stable.

KATE ROWLEY,  
(Age 11).  
Upper Third Form.

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## ADVENTURES OF A BOX OF CHOCOLATES

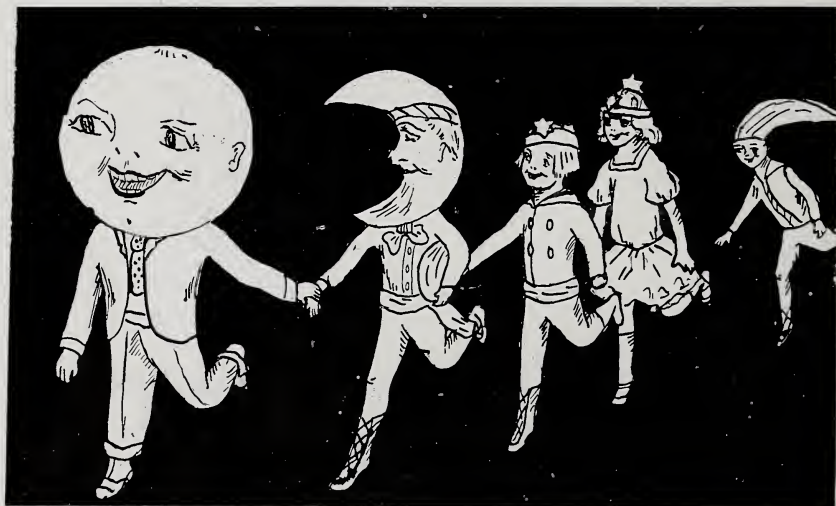
I was a five-pound box of chocolates in Eaton's Store. I had been there quite a long while, as I was too big. One morning I was bought by some ladies. As I was wrapped up I could not see, but when the paper was removed I discovered that we were in a room which was moving. Soon I heard someone say it was a train. In the afternoon there were only a dozen candies left. About five o'clock I saw the ladies getting on their hats and I was afraid they would leave me behind, and, sure enough, they went away without me! Soon I heard a little girl say to her grandpa, "See, grandpa, they have left those candies, can I have them?" "Yes, my dear," said the old gentleman. It was soon time to leave the train and we had to wait at the station and when the little child and her grandfather went away, they forgot me. I lay there for a whole hour, when in came a little ragged boy who took me home to his sick sister. I am happy now, but I am still here.

G. M. HINCH,  
Upper Third Form.  
Age 12.

## A TALE OF A FOX TERRIER

I have a dog and his name is Peter. He has a curly tail and a lovely head. He plumps down on the floor by the stove, and even knocks at the door, but we have found out his trick now. He runs after the cars and sometimes, when we are not looking at him, gets on them. He often comes to me in bed and snuggles about in the clothes. He likes playing with the kitten and makes rushes at it, and the kitten puts up his paw and scratches Peter.

ALAN MOZLEY,  
Form II, aged 8.



"The Charge of the Light Brigade."

## A FLOWER STORY

One morning I was taken out of a big bag and planted in a garden. I lay in darkness for a long time. Then, one bright sunny morning, I woke up to see the great World.

I had two green leaves; then I got bigger every day. In a few weeks I grew large and had a lovely pink flower and was what men call a Rose. Soon I was picked and taken to a florist's shop and I was put in a window.

One day I was feeling very lonely to think I was doing no good in the world, when a little girl came in and bought me. Then she took me home to a poor sick lady and I was glad to think I was making somebody else happy.

DOLLY PEATT (12),  
Upper Third Form.

## THE ENCHANTED COIN

(*A Fairy Tale*).

Once upon a time there was a king who had a most beautiful daughter. She had long, black, flowing hair, banded with a golden circlet, and blue eyes the colour of the sky, and lips like cherries, and teeth like pearls. She wore dresses that made her look like a flower, and her name was Pansy.

She was always kind to everybody, especially poor, sick people. She was fond of flowers and of roaming about in the woods.

One day as she was out in the woods gathering flowers, she saw a little child lying among the mosses, groaning; she asked what the matter was, and the child said she had slipped and hurt herself badly. The Princess took her home and she was soon made well.

Now it happened that a wicked witch had made this little child slip to have revenge on its parents and so she was angry at Princess Pansy. One day when the Princess was out in the woods, she saw a little hut. She went in to see what it was like, but as soon as she got inside, the window and door both shut. She tried them but they were locked. It was the witch that had done this, hoping Princess Pansy would die of starvation.

On the second day she was imprisoned in the hut she was sitting on the floor weeping, when a beautiful lady appeared before her. "Princess Pansy," she said, "I know how you have almost given up your life for somebody who was in danger; I am the Fairy of Charity." Putting a coin in the Princess's hand she faded out of sight.

"What is the use of a coin? I wish I had a loaf of bread." No sooner had she spoken these words than there was a loaf of bread in her hand.

She discovered that the fairy had given her a wishing coin. She wished that the door was open. It stood open. She wished that she were back in her own bed-room, and a chariot drawn by six white doves with a golden harness appeared. She stepped in and it started off and stopped at her palace window. She stepped into her bedroom, put on her purple and gold robe and went down to dinner. She met her father in the hall and told him her adventures. Just then a prince arrived at the palace and said he had trace of her, for the king had sent out word all through the kingdom that the Princess was lost, and whatever prince might find her and guess her name would gain her hand in marriage.

Prince Sunbeam said, "I know not your name, fair Princess, but you certainly look like a pansy." "You are right, Prince Sunbeam," said the Princess, "my name is Pansy."

Soon afterwards their wedding was celebrated with much splendour and they lived happily ever after. MARY McQUEEN,  
Form Lower III, age 10.



### RIDDLES FROM UPPER III.

1. I dance at a ball though I'm nothing at all. (A shadow).
  2. Why is the elephant the most sagacious of travellers?  
(When he travels, he never takes his eye from his trunk).
  3. Formed long ago, yet made to-day, employed while others sleep. (A bed).
  4. Patches and patches without any stitches. (A cabbage).
  5. What word can you add two letters to, and yet made it shorter? (Short).
  6. Who whistled the first tune and what was it? (The Wind: O'er the hills and far away).
  7. Why is the letter d like a sailor? (Because they both follow the c).
  8. Why is a short negro like a white man? (Because he is not a tall black).
  9. What is that which if you name it, you break it? (Silence).
- 

### MY DOLLS

I have four dolls, and I am going to tell you about them. Florence is my eldest doll; she has black hair and is two years old. I have a Japanese cook who cooks all the meals. I have another doll named Lily, she is two months old now. I have a boy named Donald; he is a nice little boy; he is very polite and seldom cries and does not cause me any trouble. When I go out they get into mischief, especially the Japanese cook is fighting with Lily all the time. It is time for my dolls to go to bed, so good-bye.

ADELAIDE ASTLEY,  
Form Lower II.

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### A GOLDFISH

I have a gold-fish. He is thirteen months old. He will come and eat out of my hand. His colour is a reddish gold. Thirteen months does not seem very old, but it is old for a gold-fish. He likes to play about among the rocks in his bowl.

THELMA LE COCQ,  
Form II.

## THE STORY OF A SOAP-BUBBLE

There was an old man who lived in a soap bubble which went up in the air, and he was so pleased with being able to see things all around him that he leaned over and put his hand against the wall, and that burst the bubble, so the poor old man dropped out.

NAN BILLINGS,

Form I.

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## THE LOST BIRTHDAY

Yesterday was my birthday. I had a party and wore my nice blue dress. Everyone laughed and kissed me and I had a lovely cake. To-day, I am alone. Mother is busy writing, and Daddy gone away. Where is my birthday gone?

FRANCES E. FULLERTON,

Form I, aged 8 years.

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## THE HAVERGAL ZENANA MISSION GUILD.

Honorary president—Miss Ethel McDonald.

President—Monica O'Kelly.

Vive-president—Dorothy Allonby.

Secretary—Embree McBride.

Treasurer—Dorcas Wilson.

As our President is absent in California at the present time and her report cannot be submitted, I beg to write a few items taken from the minutes.

Our meetings are still held on Monday evenings, in the Library, at half-past seven. Many of the older members left last June, but a few new names have been added to the roll, thus making a membership of thirty.

The annual supper was held in June, as usual, and, as there were many former members present, was much enjoyed.

The bazaar, which was held this year on December the thirteenth, was such a great success that it was decided to have another later in the school year.

Our child, Sarah, at the Mononad School, is still being supported at twenty dollars a year. As we had a surplus this year of fifteen dollars, we thought it advisable to give it towards Dr. Cockburn's salary, which is paid by the Winnipeg Auxiliary.

We hope that others will become interested in this work, thereby enabling us to enlarge our sphere.

EMBREE McBRIDE,

Secretary.

## THE LIBRARY

"Where are your books?—that light bequeathed  
To Beings else forlorn and blind!"

Without books, the living record of what the best men of the world have thought and done, into what darkness, into what despair, we would be plunged!

The works of fiction have a noble part to play in the field of literature. It has been said:—

"Fiction is truer than fact."

The child may read a story because she seeks mental stimulus, but if it is a tale of human joy or of human sorrow, will it not tend to widen her horizon of life? May it not awaken within her a taste for the æsthetic?

This year both libraries—the Reference as well as the Girls'—can lay claim to several new volumes.

Additions to the Reference Library include—

"The Nation's Pictures" (2 vols.); "The World's Leading Painters"; "Makers of English Fiction"; "The Story of the Empire"; Lemprière's Classical Dictionary; "Lingua Matura"; "Patriotic Songs"; "Characters and Scenes from Hebrew Story"; "The Bird Book" (2 vols.); various Bible handbooks.

By their voluntary donations several of the girls have shown their interest in the growth of the library. We wish to thank Marion Bell and Kathryn Hinton for various books for the juniors; Flora Kennedy, Margaret Speechly, Dorothy Colcleugh, Marjorie Stewart and Mary Stewart for books for the seniors. One of our old girls, Pearl Pieper, has contributed a handsome set of books by Charlotte Brontë. It encourages us when we feel that one of the girls who used to be with us, but who is now far away, is anxious to maintain the growth of the College library.

The assistant librarians, Mollie Clarke and Dorothy Colcleugh during the first half of the year, Margaret Speechly and Bertha Logan during the second half, have been very faithful in performing the various duties connected with the library.

Girls, we hope that you realise that now is the time for you to assume the responsibility of enlarging the library. Join together, resolve that in the near future the College library will be your delight, your pride!

Every year there are girls who must say farewell to the familiar College halls. To those girls we would whisper:—

"Volumes of cheer bright and brief,  
And remembrance writ on every leaf,"

is what they leave behind when they contribute a book to the library.

THE LIBRARIAN.



### ART NOTES—1912-13.

The results of the Royal Drawing Society's summer examination arrived, as usual, too late for publication in last year's Magazine. On the whole, they were very satisfactory, showing that of 187 candidates sent in, 45 took honors and 79 passed. Enid Allan gained a bronze medal, and the work of Amy Ebbutt, Jocelyn Allan and Christina Lyall was highly commended.

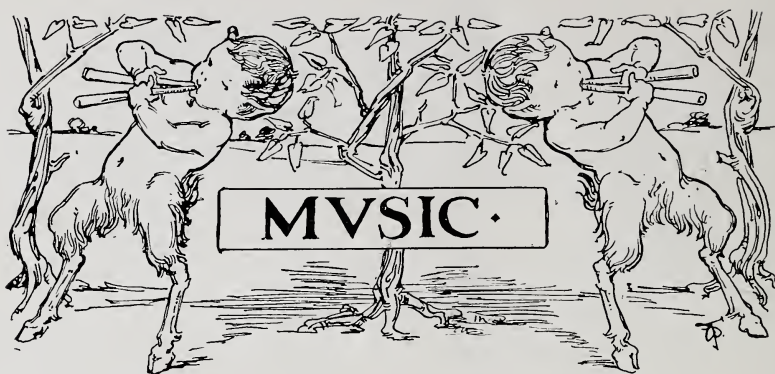
No exhibits were sent in this year to England for the R. D. S. Spring Exhibition. Yet the studio has not been idle, and the Tuesday and Saturday classes, though somewhat select in number, have done painstaking work. It would have been interesting if the benevolent old gentleman who has sat there so many patient hours after climbing many stairs could have contributed his impressions to these notes of the varied presentment of his features. If an onlooker may presume to judge, more courage and readiness to profit by the correction of mistakes are needed in the art work of the school. Finished studies only come after many failures, and some girls are far too quickly discouraged in the early stages. The excellent posters for Form Entertainments have been a feature of this year, and some of the Form Mottoes have been very well designed.

Winnipeg has been more fortunate than usual this year in opportunities for seeing good pictures. Most of us made frequent visits to the Exhibition of British and Foreign Artists in February, and a Dutch collection is now on show, thanks to the energy of the executive of the Industrial Bureau.

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Lives of school-girls oft remind us  
 To be tidy all year round,  
 Or, departing, leave behind us  
 Nearly all our things in pound.





### MUSIC NOTES.

The musical attractions this year have not been as numerous as usual, but the few we have had have been thoroughly appreciated. In the early part of February the renowned Clara Butt, and her husband, F. Kennerly Rumford, gave a most delightful concert in the Walker Theatre. We were all charmed with her gloriously rich voice, which resembled deep organ tones more than a human voice.

In the late autumn we also had the pleasure of hearing the Polish pianist, Scharwenka, who composed the famous Polish dance which all school girls know so well.

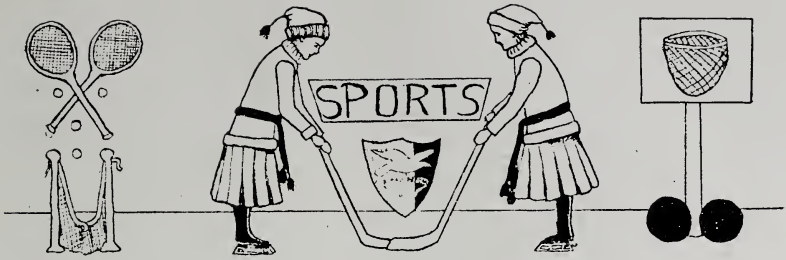
The next musical event will be the annual visit in April of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, which is always such a treat.

It is with great pleasure that we hear of the success of some of the old girls who have been keeping up their music since they left the college. Kathleen Campbell, who has paid us several flying visits during the winter, is now mistress of a very flourishing class of piano pupils, and is also organist of the Presbyterian Church at Miami. Nora Elliott has spent the last two years studying music under Madam Stepanoff in Berlin, and will return to Winnipeg this summer. We shall all be glad to welcome her back.

Leone Stephenson spent the Easter holidays in Winnipeg. She has been a resident music mistress for the last two years at St. Alban's College, Prince Albert.

Eva Leckie has been much missed in the musical life of the college since her departure at Christmas, but, judging from the talent displayed in the morning march at prayers, there will soon be no dearth of performers.





## BASKET-BALL

The girls came back in September very eager to begin play at once. Accordingly a meeting was held on September 16th, when Elsie Scrimes and Mollie Clarke were chosen as Day Girls' and Boarders' captains respectively.

It is interesting to notice how thoroughly the Day Girls took the advice given them in these pages last year—namely, “to wake up, bestir themselves and get together a good team,” as the Boarders had been school champions for two years. This year, four championship games have been played, and the Day Girls have won them all.

Notwithstanding this somewhat crushing evidence of the superiority of the rival team, the Boarders did not give in without a struggle, and some hard-fought games took place, notably the second and third of the series.

The line-up of teams is as follows:—

Boarders				Day Girls			
Mollie Clarke.....	....	Goal	....	.....	Laura Agnew		
Thelma Duncan.....	....	Goal	....	.....	Marian Sweeny		
Gladys McDougall...	...	Centre	...	.....	Mary Watson		
Margaret O'Kelly...	....	Centre	...	.....	Elsie Scrimes		
Nellie Snowden.....	....	Centre	...	.....	Nora Bell		
Helen Lethbridge....	...	Guards	...	.....	Florence Carey		
Dorothy Coleleugh...	....	Guards	...	.....	Gladys Phinney		

### Substitutes

Effie Waugh .....	Christina Lyall
Valerie de Bury .....	Antoinette Sapte
Helen Hadley .....	Ruby Goldstine

*Tuesday, Sept. 17th—Day Girls vs. Boarders.*—The game was won by the Day Girls' team—10 goals to 4.

*Tuesday, Oct. 1st—Day Girls vs. Boarders.*—This was a much more scientific game, and the lower score on both sides de-

notes a greater evenness of play and attention to rules. However, "running with the ball" was responsible for a penalty goal, which made the Day Girls victorious with a score of 4 goals to 3. Mollie Clarke scored two of the Boarders' goals and Thelma Duncan one. Marian Sweeny, a sure "thrower in" for the Day Girls, played a good combination game with Laura Agnew, and between them they scored four goals.

*Tuesday, Oct. 8th—Day Girls vs. Boarders.*—This game also proved a close one. Thelma Duncan threw in well and scored most of the goals, as Mollie Clarke was prevented by illness from playing. The score would have been much greater for the winning side if Dorothy Coleleugh had not put up such a vigorous and determined defence. Elsie Scrimmes played her usual good game, and from the centre kept the team well knit together.

*Tuesday, Oct. 15th—Day Girls vs. Boarders.*—The last match of the season was won by the Day Girls' team—18 goals to 4.

#### RALLY, BOARDERS.

Oh, Boarders, haste and rally—  
The Day Girls have you beat.  
Four matches theirs—and shall ye  
Be content with such defeat?

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#### HOCKEY

Hockey! hockey! Who are we?  
We are the girls of the H. I. C.  
Zick, zack, zockey!  
We play hockey!  
We are Havergal! Hear us yell—  
H-A-V-E-R-G-A-L!

The rink was ready when the girls came back after the Christmas holidays, and skating was soon in full swing. Hockey has been very successful this year, partly owing to the energetic sweeping, shovelling and brushing of the rink-sweepers, who endeavored energetically to keep the rink clear of snow. There are still, however, a few girls who are content to see their share being done by proxy. Let us hope that their consciences will give a big prick when they read these lines, and that they will be more public-spirited next season.

Havergal I. Team.

Margaret McNab..... Centre ..... Kathleen Head  
 Nellie Snowden..... R. Wing ..... Margaret Speechly  
 Antoinette Sapte..... L. Wing ..... Dorothy McDougall  
 Elsie Scrimmes..... Rover (Capt.) ..... Thelma Duncan  
 Gladys McDougall..... Coverpoint ..... Marjorie Stewart  
 Gladys Phinney ..... Point ..... Hazel Smith  
 Bertha Logan ..... Goal ..... Jessie Wilson

II. Team.

Spares.—Helen Lethbridge, Effie Waugh.



Havergal Hockey Team, 1913

*Jan. 28th—Boarders vs. Day Girls.*—Both teams were pretty even, and the score remained at 1 all when the bell called the teams in.

*Feb. 11th—Mistresses vs. Boarders.* — This match always causes great excitement, and this year was no exception. The Mistresses' team suffered somewhat from want of practice and certainly from "loss of skates." However, Miss Hewton and Miss Thompson put up a vigorous defence, while Miss Shewell and Miss Holditch each shot a goal. The match was a drawn one—2 goals all.

*March 5th—Havergal vs. St. John's College Ladies' Team.*—This match was very eagerly anticipated and much enjoyed. The

visitors found our snow-walls, from which it was impossible to "fence," and a more Arctic temperature than that to which they had been used in their closed rink, put them at a decided disadvantage. Margaret McNab succeeded in putting in a goal for Havergal during the first minute of play, and Elsie Scrimes netted four more before half-time. The second half was much more even, St. John's attacking more vigorously and shooting one goal, while Havergal did not score again. After the match the teams discussed the match and afternoon tea together very amicably.

*March 11th—Havergal vs. St. John's Ladies'.*—The return match was played on the splendid covered-in rink at St. John's College, and resulted in another victory for Havergal. On this occasion the game proved very exciting, as the teams were much more evenly matched and the play much quicker. Elsie Scrimes was unfortunate in losing her skate, but Gladys Phinney moved up as rover, played a splendid game, and scored the only goal of the afternoon. Margaret McNab again distinguished herself, while Nellie Snowden and Antoinette Sapte played up well to the end. Gladys McDougall was sure as coverpoint, and Bertha Logan in goal stopped several "hot shots."

After the game Miss Manwaring, the St. John's College captain, invited the team into the ladies' parlor, where the visitors were entertained right royally to afternoon tea.

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## WALKING CLUB

The Walking Club is formed to enable girls who like long walks to indulge in that most enjoyable form of exercise. On Friday afternoons in the spring and fall the Club meets, and, under the guidance of Miss Holditch, outings are taken to parks and pleasant spots in the vicinity of the city. The Weather Clerk was most unkind to the Club last fall, and heavy rains frequently occurring on Fridays stopped the energetic ones. Perhaps the most enjoyable walk was that around Kildonan when we visited the old Presbyterian church there, were rowed across the ferry on the Red River, and raced along the Elmwood Road to catch the last car which would bring us back in time for tea. I must not forget to mention the "paper chase" which ended the walks of last spring. Dorothy Coleleugh and Helen Lethbridge proved most elusive hares and led the hounds over brooks, through ponds and scrub, down blind tracks where the scent was lost, and finally, evading all pursuers, reached "home" long before the hounds. Already there are rumors that another paper chase will be organized by the Walking Club.



## SNOWSHOEING

### SNOWSHOERS' SONG.

*To the tune of "Bonnie Dundee."*

There are games for the warm days and sports for the cold,  
The seasons roll on and their treasures unfold;  
But the best of all fun is a tramp on the snow  
With the frost all around us, above and below.

Chorus—

Then get on your snowshoes and hunt up your mitts,  
And pull on a sweater—whichever one fits;  
Hie off to the open and let us away,  
For a tramp in the evening will brook no delay.

Now we have arrived at the edge of the Park,  
The car stops and out we all get in the dark;  
We tie on our snowshoes as fast as we can—  
Old-timers the novices' ankles do span.

Then we follow the leader along the white trail;  
With singing and laughter the woods we assail.  
We ask of the night, "What became of the monk?"  
And the echoes reply, "Ask the elephant's trunk!"

Now weary, yet mirthful, we reach the school gate.  
There are buns and hot cocoa because we are late.  
What joy to our hearts such a snowshoe tramp brings!—  
And we nothing more know till the rising-bell rings!

*(Written by Miss Shewell to commemorate the tramp on February  
18th to Elm Park.)*

There have been several snowshoe parties this year, as the snow has been good, the weather propitious, and the staff, several of them from England, have taken to the sport with avidity.

On Saturday, January 18th, Miss Norrington conducted a small and select party of four to Elm Park and up the river to the Canoe Club. You have no idea what a good tramping song the Havergal school-song "Alta Petens" makes. Try it and see.

February 29th Miss Springate conducted a jolly tramp up the Red River, where the steep banks and some disused hatbox lids converted the expedition automatically into a tobogganing party, which was much enjoyed.

On February 18th Miss Norrington and Miss Holditch escorted a large party for an evening tramp through Elm Park. This tramp was especially enjoyable, as Miss Jones came with us, and



the games played on snowshoes were very amusing, even though "The Queen of Spain's dead" nearly produced heavy mortality from exhaustion among the players, and must certainly have frightened a few squirrels to death. Cocoa and bread-and-butter revived us on our return.

Monday, March 3rd, the German Club, under Miss Springate and Miss Hewton, introduced snowshoeing as a counter-attraction for its members. We learn that Miss Springate's left foot has acquired from her trip abroad a German accent that she is anxious to introduce into snowshoeing circles. Happy thought! What an excellent language to talk to an unruly snowshoe is German! Berlin papers, please copy.

*Gymnastics.*—All the gymnastic classes are working well and have begun some more dances and drills for an open-air fete to be given in the summer. The Christmas gymnastic display was a great success, and an account is given in full elsewhere in the Magazine.

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### THE GYMNASTIC DISPLAY

On December 17th the gymnastic classes united in showing us excellent specimens of their skill. Marching, Swedish free movements, English country dances, Swedish dances and games were all represented, besides vaulting and climbing the ropes.

The girls looked well in their tunics of new design, and the uniformity of costume added considerably to the smartness and finish of the whole.

The preliminary march was an excellent introduction, and led us to expect great things from the rest of the evening, and our hopes were fully realized. The "Children's Class" knew its work thoroughly and carried out all commands with an astonishing precision. The Swedish games and dances were charming, the music was out of the ordinary and accorded with the quaint actions. "Spin, Spin," was perhaps the prettiest of these, in which the spinners were gently lulled to slumber by the continuance of their task.

Everyone very much enjoyed the old country-dances of Merrie England. For these, the girls had special costumes, either bright blue or brilliant green, with little white muslin bonnets and white stockings. The "boys" wore peasants' smocks and hats of white, with an occasional touch of red. The blending of colors as the dancers intermingled was very pretty. The name of each dance was announced on a banner gay with ribbons and borne by six of

the dancers. "Ruffy-Tuffy," "Gathering Peascods" and "New Bo-Peep" were three very charming movements.

Altogether the whole evening's performance was highly satisfactory and showed to the many guests present that excellent work is being done in the gymnastic classes at the College. It is a very evident fact that those girls who have been some time in these classes have a much more erect and easy carriage than newcomers. Great praise is due, and we give it heartily, to all the girls who took part in the display. Many of them were indefatigable in attendance at extra practices, working with energy and goodwill.

To the enterprising teacher and skilful organizer, Miss Norrington, we would like also to offer our congratulations and to tell her how heartily glad we are that her hard work and patience, her encouragements so generously bestowed, and her clever planning of the whole met with such unqualified success.

—G. M. S.

## THE KINDERGARTEN

We had, as in previous years, a very successful Christmas Tree Entertainment on December 20th, before the holidays, when our parents were present to hear our songs and singing games.

Judging from the applause, our entertainment was much appreciated, and, in addition to the singing, our parents received various gifts of blotting pads, calendars and needlecases, which, with other things, adorned our nice tall Christmas tree, and which we made for them. After this we received our share of good things, which was a bag of candy and a cracker.

We have an addition to our kindergarten furniture in the form of a small portable staging, on which our literature stories are illustrated week by week. The little pen-and-ink figures of persons and objects connected with the story are placed on this stage. In this way we have welcomed a great many old friends, amongst others being Rumpelstiltskin, Hansel and Gretel, King Grisly-Beard, Goldilocks, our lazy friend Hans, and numerous other persons of note.

Our K.G. library has increased, and, besides a collection of most interesting picture story-books, we have three large postcard albums.

When the snow has disappeared and the warmer weather comes, we hope to be very busy in the garden with

"Rakes and hoes and a shovel also,  
And dig till we gently perspire,"

as Kipling says in his "Camel's Hump" song.

## STAFF NEWS AND OLD GIRLS

Miss Dalton is spending a year in Japan. Her address is Residential Club, 10 Hinoki-cho-Akasaka, Tokyo.

The announcement of Miss Morrison's engagement to Mr. Owen of Victoria is of much interest to Havergal.

Mrs. McNiven left soon after the New Year to join her husband in Fort William. We shall miss her pleasant visits to the College.

We were glad to have a visit from Mrs. Brayfield last summer. She and Mr. Brayfield have since moved to Jamestown, North Dakota.

Miss Church sends greeting from time to time. She has spent the winter in Montreal.

We were sorry to lose Miss Carrall from the staff last summer. She was married in August to Mr. Newton, and is making her home in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Dudley Dawson's little son is reported a very bonny baby.

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## OLD GIRLS' COLUMN

Congratulations to Stella Agnew, Irene Tuckwell and Dorothy Allonby on their engagements.

Old girls will be interested in hearing of the arrival of Mrs. Ives' (Etta Henderson) little daughter.

Mrs. Robert Rogers' (Eva Maw) little son, and Mrs. Vivian McMeans' (Kate Macdonald) daughter.

Visits to the College have been made during the year by Edith and Emma Tupper, now abroad again; Maisie Longbottom, Edna Henderson, Edith Wilson, Phoebe Lurd, Gladys Downer, Pearl Pieper, Mabel Hamilton, Kathleen Campbell.

Margaret Taylor and Ainslie Dagg are nursing at the Winnipeg General Hospital.

Barbara Lemon is in Paris, Nora Elliott is still in Berlin; Dorothy Andrews, Mary Aikins and Alison Macdonnell in England; Nora Jardine is in San Antonio, Texas; Edith Johnson is in California.

# HAVERGAL DIRECTORY

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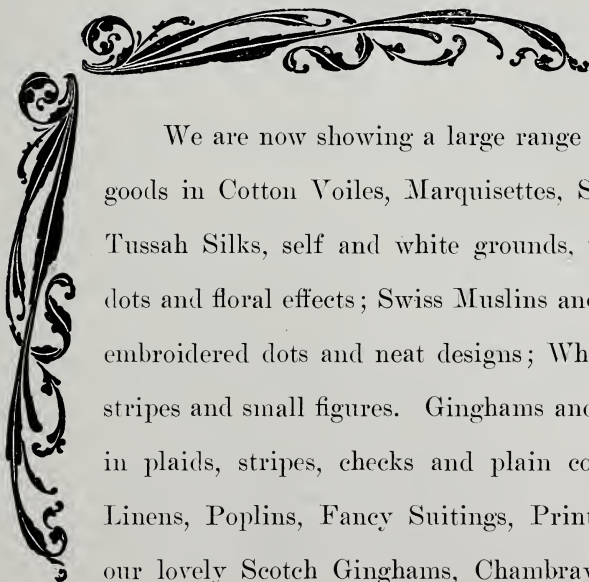
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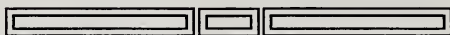
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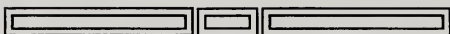
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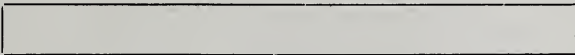
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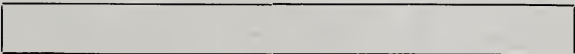
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In affiliation with the University of Manitoba

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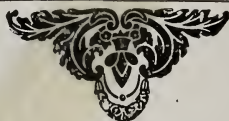
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Evelyn Todd  
Havergal  
June 9/14

# Havergal Magazine.

Winnipeg 1913-14  
No. 7





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Calendar may be obtained on applying to the Bursar.

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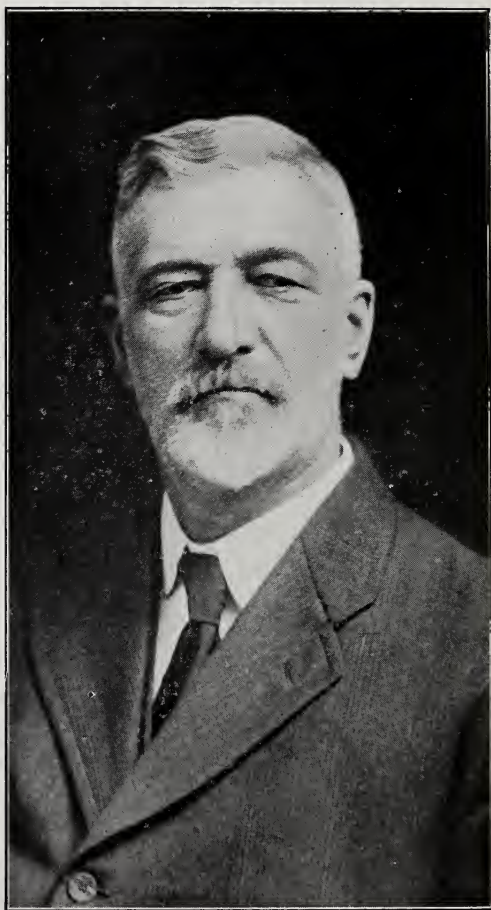
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MR. ANDREW STRANG

# Hauergal College Magazine

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Vol. VII

MAY, 1914

No. 1

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It is with deep regret this year that we have to chronicle the loss the College has sustained in the person of Mr. Andrew Strang, a Director, and the faithful friend of all our interests and endeavours since the first day of its opening. No one was more regular and unfailing at Board meetings, more kindly and interested in advice and criticism; no one gave sounder counsel on finance and policy. We hoped he would have been spared to help us for many more years, and we extend to Mrs. Strang and all his family our sorrowing sympathy in the loss which is ever present with them.



ENTRANCE HALL. HAVERGAL.

## PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

Havergal College, Winnipeg.

May 1st, 1914.

My dear Girls,—

Here is Magazine time round once more, and the busy days since September call again for comment and summary. How the weeks slip away! and how busy they are, busier, we feel, than in any place in this Dominion.

The preceding page makes brief mention of one who has passed from among us during the present school year and whose place at the monthly meeting of our Directors knows him no more. In every successful institution there must be co-operation of all kinds to secure that success, and I often wonder if our girls and their parents realise how much the College owes to those busy men of affairs, each with his numerous interests in the city, who find time to come regularly all the year round to listen to a monthly account of the School affairs and finances. Every one of them, and not least his Grace the Archbishop, makes a personal sacrifice of time and convenience to secure for us smooth working and for the girls of Winnipeg the educational ideal which they had in mind when the College was founded. Such public-spirited and unobtrusive work is carried on in England on the Boards of our great public schools by men of comparative leisure, retired Army and Navy officers and others who dislike to lose touch with active service for the public good. But in our new country the leisured are few and far between, and it is therefore with added gratitude that the services of our Directors should be recognized, for it is not even leisure but often working hours that they so cheerfully give to our business.

No very stirring events have shaken our little community since the last Magazine went to press, and it has been a year of small things rather than great. No further building or extension is possible on our present site, and the time is not yet ripe for removing from our central position to one of the suburbs so rapidly growing up in our city. It remains for us to develop from within—to gird ourselves for further efforts and higher standards of achievement. In the Day School we want to see the Bad Mark Book and the Returned Lesson Book vanish into a forgotten past, instead of being looked upon as sacred institutions without which Wednesday morning would not be complete. We want the weekly mark average to go up even more decidedly than it has done of late, so that the half-mark minimum becomes another relic of the past, and a 75 per cent average looks down proudly from every notice board. We want to see you as zealous and interested in Grammar and French



and Arithmetic as in basket-ball and gymnastics. We want you to set yourselves seriously to conquer that lack of thoroughness and finish which so often spoils your work. This is a defect which in some cases runs right through your record of daily performances, your thoughts, words and deeds. It is partly the result, I suppose, of the hurried, active life of our country, but we all—grown-ups and younger people—need to guard ourselves from hasty, inaccurate thinking, slovenly, careless speaking, and imperfect doing. Real scholarship calls for a high standard of accuracy, a distrust of all that is showy and superficial, an honest pride in doing one's best, and undiscouraged patience through all difficulties. And first and foremost, it calls for all your mind and all your powers, and not that little corner of it which some of you so grudgingly give to your school-room work. Self-denial and hard work are the price you must pay for the education which will make Western Canada take her place on equal terms with older lands. You never like to hear an astonished new-comer remark on the achievements of Scotch or English or German girls as compared with your own. Sometimes the comparison is scarcely fair, for many of you can do practical work which your cousins across the water are not called to do, and would be puzzled to begin. Only last term, I was impressed by the calmness and good sense of a girl summoned to travel alone from here to Buffalo to nurse her invalid mother, and was most relieved to hear how successfully she accomplished both the long weary journey and the trying duties at the end of it. But again, it is wholesome for you to realise, even if you do not like the thought, that in schools and other places where a girl's whole energy and interest is given to her education she gains a firmer grasp, a stronger judgment, and a better quality of brain and thought than can ever be won by the slack and half-hearted. You have plenty of opinions, to be sure, but they will not be worth much, now or later, unless there is a power of thought behind them which only belongs to the trained mind. All the way up the School there is a sharp line of division between the girl whose mind is obedient to the laws of reasoning so far as she has grasped them, and the girl with a flighty, disobedient mind which will not do what is required of it. You have to break your mind, and your will, too, as a horse is broken, not by violence, but by gentle, steady, daily discipline. You must wrestle with your difficulty yourself till it is no longer a difficulty: and this without hurry or fuss or repeated cries for aid. The habit of wrestling with, instead of dodging, difficulties is a really valuable one to acquire for the rest of your life. "Superficial" is a word I hear too often round the School when your work or character is being judged. That is the tendency which makes you seek short cuts in mathematics, and answers that will bring in marks instead of showing



good style and methods. Slovenly thinking is as bad as slovenly, blotted writing. Try to hold, as well as catch. Only by holding and adding to your store of carefully acquired thoughts will your mind grow strong to develop its own contribution to the general fund of thought. And this we call originality. Then, and then only, will your Literature and History and Scripture notes be something more than repetitions of notes taken in class.

This Power of Thought is worth some sacrifice, for it will guide your way through the problems of life as well as through the puzzles of the school-room. But you cannot hurry it, and the price must be paid during months and years of thoroughness and earnest work. Sit down and count the cost. It will absolutely bar society engagements on School days, and interruptions, including long telephone chats, on week-day evenings. It will not allow you to crowd unnecessary engagements into a day that is sufficiently full with School work, games or other exercise, and piano practice. It will show you that part of Saturday morning should be spent in preparation or practice, if you are not to be too late at your evening study on other nights of the week. It will convince you that visits to the dentist, oculist and dressmaker can and should be made during the holidays or on Saturdays, and should never interfere with lessons or preparation. You know that you cannot crowd your lives with so many activities without over-straining mind or body. Take your courage and common-sense in both hands and drive out from this time the "little foxes which spoil" our Winnipeg vines, and give yourself heart and soul to the work in the vineyard of your life, otherwise your crop will come far behind in quantity and quality. Examinations are not the final goal in education, and you may pull through these with marks to spare, and yet have a mind only half trained in power to think.

The Power of Thought—what will it do in the boarding-school? It will make girls reason that where there is civilization there must always be law, and that to keep laws makes for one's health. This hardly sounds inspiring, but there is much behind that single thought. With thinking power come imagination, sympathy and their heavenly sister, insight. These are great artists: make them your friends for life. They can show you how many colours lie behind what you call grey—the grey of everyday life, and they will open your eyes to gold and blue and crimson where you never would have seen them. They scorn the camera, and paint portraits for you of the girls and teachers among whom you live, with their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears and doubts looking through their eyes, as Rembrandt painted them long ago. And above all, they will not let you think about yourself, for these three fair sisters, Imagination, Sympathy and Insight, know that this means dis-

ease and death for them, and poverty for your own soul. They will teach you how to laugh at small troubles, and to help others in great ones. They will show you the beauty of gentleness, and courtesy and orderliness, and the holiness of self-sacrifice. Ruskin was sitting at their feet when he wrote of women and girls as "the guardians of order, health, beauty and love." See how high he puts order, and remember it when you are next tempted to leave clothes on the floor, and books or candy on the bed! Without Thought and her three sisters the seniors will never understand why they must loyally stand for School traditions and discipline as leaders and not unwilling or lazy followers. They will certainly never understand why practices of doubtful benefit, such as writing to girls in other boarding schools, writing to boys, reading third-rate novels, bed-room feasting and nibbling between meals, and endless conversation on clothes and entertainments, are discouraged among us. Yet these are things which every girl should reason out for herself. "Little foxes" again, and dangerous ones, which spoil your taste and habits and refinement. How can seniors lead and shape the younger set if they tacitly or openly condone these things? You must be ahead of others to lead at all. I wish we all, young and old, had a dread of being second-rate in mind and thought—at least as great a horror as most of us seem to have of wearing an old-fashioned or dowdy hat! Yet the brain under the hat is so much more important than what is outside it. You are not "educated" till you understand that.

And why should we toil in the vineyard, when to dream over the wall in the sunshine or to play with the little tame foxes for an hour or two would be so much easier? Well, it is for the Cause. Many years ago, when women were striving to secure for girls as good an education as for boys, the growing daughter of two very gifted parents was constantly stopped when thoughtless and unruly by a cry from her mother "Remember the Cause!" The Cause was the higher education of girls of which many thought them incapable; and the cry was to remind a clever, untidy girl that onlookers would judge all girls asking for education by her own behaviour. That Cause was a great one, but yours is even higher. The trained mind and hand and eye which your education is to bring you are to be used for the service of this great new Dominion of which you are so proud. That is what it all leads up to—work for yourself, work for your home, for your class and your School, for your church. All faithful, thoughtful work really helps Canada.

What are you willing to give to Canada, present and future? A little thought, a great deal of talk, a verse of "O Canada," and later on when you have left school, a little help in the

service of others when it does not interfere with your amusements? Surely something more, girls, a very great deal more: not a cheap little offering which costs you nothing, but all the riches you own.

“The riches of the commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health,  
And more to her than gold or grain  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.”

That is why. Do you not think it worth while? Will it not mean something to the West that in each of your homes in days to come there is a girl or woman grown who cares, and cares tremendously, that “in nothing” Canadians shall come “behind the very elect,” and for her country covets “earnestly the best gifts.”

Your own gifts to Canada, of self-denial and hard work and devotion, must begin now if you really love her. But giving is hard work, too, and some of us are not very rich—and we must turn to the Giver of every good and perfect gift to help us in this as in all else. Man’s highest thought, man’s truest words, man’s noblest deeds all centre in that Divine and human Life lived in a little, ancient province and now enthroned in highest Heaven. That Life was the greatest of God’s gifts to the Old World and to the New, and It can be shared by every one of us. Without the Christ-Life our thoughts may end in despair, our words in sound, our deeds in failure. With that Life and in that Strength we may bring to the land of our birth or our adoption the consecrated service that she needs.

Your affectionate friend,

EVA L. JONES.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this number the Havergal Magazine enters upon the seventh year of its life. During these seven years the School and the friends outside the School who read the Magazine have learned to expect a certain standard of work in its contents. But it is easier to set a high standard than to live steadily up to it; and it is particularly difficult in this case when, year by year, girls are passing out of the School, and success in games and examinations fluctuates with these changes. Contributions to the Magazine vary, too. This year, the School as a whole is younger, and we have missed the longer contributions that come quite easily from a large and elderly Upper Sixth Form. On the other hand, much promise has been shown in the work that has been sent in, and though but a portion of it has been published, we look forward to some very good results next year, when the contributors will be a whole year older and

wiser, and will have learned to have more faith in their powers.  
**Health.**

The health of the School has been very good, and we are thankful that we have escaped the many epidemics that have visited the city.

### Confirmation.

Confirmation Classes were conducted at Holy Trinity during Lent by Mr. Ribourg. The service took place on Palm Sunday, 5th April, when His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land confirmed among other candidates, Ruth Fairbairn, Antoinette Sapte, Nellie Snowden and Jessie Wilson.

### Distribution of Prizes.

The annual prize giving was held on the evening of June 19th, 1913, at which His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land presided. In the unavoidable absence of Lady Cameron, the prizes were given away by Sir Douglas Cameron. They were awarded as follows:—

### Form Prizes

<b>Form I.</b>	General Merit.....	Muriel Curry
	“ “ .....	Mary Moore
	“ “ .....	Doris Metcalfe
<b>Form II.</b>	General Merit.....	Thelma LeCocq
	“ “ .....	Frances Douglas
<b>Form Lower III.</b>	General Proficiency.....	Kathleen MacMahon
	“ “ .....	Jean Fisher
<b>Form Upper III.</b>	General Proficiency.....(1)	Gwen Detchon
	“ “ .....	Kate Rowley
	“ Merit.....	Dolly Peatt
<b>Form IV.</b>	General Proficiency.....	Louise Sapte
	“ “ .....	Vera Underwood
	Mapping.....	Jessie Wilson
<b>Form Lower Shell</b>	General Proficiency.....	Jean Bell
	“ Merit.....	Helen Willson
	“ “ .....	Marian Sweeny
<b>Form V. Special</b>	General Merit.....	Antoinette Sapte
<b>Form Lower V.</b>	General Proficiency.....(1)	Margaret Speechly
	“ “ .....	Stella Mozley
<b>Form Upper V.</b>	General Proficiency.....	Gertrude Steele
<b>Matriculation I.</b>	“ “ .....	Dorothy Coleleugh
<b>Form VI.</b>	General Proficiency.....	Amy Ebbutt
<b>Matriculation II.</b>	“ “ .....	Dorothy McDougall

### Havergal Diplomas

Amy Ebbutt  
Grace Langlois  
Pearl Rosenthal  
Fanny Rosner.



## Special Prizes

### Sports

Senior Gymnastic Cup.....	Elsie Scrimes
Presented by Mr. E. L. Drewry	
Tennis Racket.....	Margaret Smith
Presented by Miss Norrington	
Junior Gymnastic Cup.....	June Suckling
Presented by Mr. T. H. Webb	
Basket Ball Cup.....	Day Girls' Team
(Presented by the Very Rev. Dean Coombes)	
Form Drill Cup .....	Shell Form
(Presented by Miss Dalton)	

### Subjects.

Scripture .....	Helen Lethbridge
Presented by His Grace The Archbishop of Rupert's Land	
English Literature Medal .....	Kathlyn Hinton
Presented by Ven. Archdeacon Fortin	
Music .....	Helen Lethbridge
Drawing.....	Amy Ebbutt
.....Ruth Fairbairn	

### Scholarships

Day School \$25.00.....	Stella Mozley
Presented by Mr. E. L. Drewry	
Boarder's Scholarship \$75.00.....	Dorothy McDougall
Presented by Mr. E. L. Drewry	
Medal for High Character.....	Kathlyn Hinton
Presented by Lady Cameron	

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## THE CHRONICLE.

- May 11—Decoration Day.
- May 16—Empire Pageant. Young Havergal goes "Gathering Peascods" and "Bean Setting."
- May 23—Dean Robinson speaks on the Flag.  
 "Not once or twice in our fair Island's story,  
 The Path of Duty was the way to glory."
- May 24—Victoria Day; whole holiday.
- May 26—Captain Amundsen lectures on the South Pole.
- June 4—Past vs. Present in basketball. Win for Past 13-12.  
 "Who gave that penalty goal?"
- June 5—Gym. competition. Congratulations to Elsie Scrimes and June Suckling.
- June 6—Annual Horse Show, Havergal girls compete.
- June 10—"Old Girls" match. They win 16-12. We console ourselves with tea and cake.



- June 13—Fete for Madeleine Etenaishi. Very successful. Ice cream most remunerative.
- June 19—Prize giving, with its well-merited rewards.
- June 20—General scattering and some final partings.
- Sept. 10—School re-opens. Many new faces and many familiar smiles.
- Sept. 22—William Faversham in "Julius Caesar."
- Sept. 23—Basket-ball match against "Old Girls." "Present" win 12-7.
- Oct. 9—A welcome visit from Bishop Lucas.
- Oct. 21—Florence Carey brings basket-ball team. We were glad to see them even if we did treat them badly! 27-3.
- Oct. 29—Bishop Stringer of the Yukon, with Mrs. Fortin, with us at Morning Prayers. A deeply interesting talk on Eskimo experiences.
- Oct. 30—Visit of Mr. and Mrs. Cavalier. Mrs. Cavalier tells of the life of the women in India.
- Oct. 31—The Annual Masquerade. The sailor boy wins hearts.
- Dec. 17—First Form Christmas Tree Entertainment.
- Dec. 18—The Kindergarten Entertainament; great success. Sybil Sapte the school baby.
- Dec. 19—Hurrah for the holidays! Tidy up and off!
- Jan. 6—School re-opens. The usual tiredness following the round of gaiety in the holidays.
- Jan. 22—Archdeacon Fortin's lecture on Switzerland.
- Jan. 24—Prof. R. G. Moulton's lecture on World Literature.
- Jan. 26—Kelvin vs. Havergal. Havergal wins 11-1.
- Jan. 29—Stella Boyd's recital at the Fort Garry.
- Feb. 2—Havergal vs. St. John's. Havergal wins 29-4.
- Feb. 3-4—"Faust" and "Tannhauser."
- Feb. 5—At St. John's, Havergal vs. St. John's. Ends in our favor 31-7.
- Feb. 6—"Plain" Party. Plainly enjoyed.
- Feb. 9—Havergal vs. United Colleges. Alas! we are badly beaten—31-9.
- Feb. 13—Valentine Party, Upper III. A success as usual.
- Feb. 20—St. John's is seized with "Kleptomania." We much enjoy the seizure.
- Feb. 21—Mantell in "Merchant of Venice."
- Feb. 25—Dr. Archer tells of medical mission work in India.
- Feb. 27—"Pink" Party, Lower V. So dainty, much enjoyed.
- March 3—Gymnastic display.
- March 5—To Fort Garry to hear Arthur Friedheim.
- March 13—"Bloomer" Party by Shell. What about the Arithmetic race?

- March 20—Lower III. Ping-pong tournament. A short, sharp seizure of pingpongitis follows.
- April 3—High class Variety Entertainment by Upper V. "We all love Flossie."
- April 8—Easter holidays. Farewell to Miss Jackson, and welcome to Miss Lamond.
- April 21—School re-opens.
- April 22—Morris Dances given again by request.
- April 28—Matrics vs. Upper V. The latter win 14-5.
- May 1—Gym. girls give demonstration at St. Matthew's.
- May 5—Miss Jones takes Junior boarders to see "Rainey's Pictures."
- May 6—Mistresses vs. Boarders. Won by latter 11-0.
- May 7—Commander Evans' splendid and inspiring lecture—heroism and self-sacrifice.
- May 11—Gym. competition. Cup winners.—Marian Sweeny and Jane Suckling. Hearty congratulations!
- May 15—Matriculation Form entertains boarders at a picnic.

### TO THE EDITOR.

O Editor, thou surely art  
A creature of a stony heart!  
Else could'st thou never turn thine ear  
From all the groanings thou dost hear;  
Or dog our foot-steps when we see  
Thy Magazine and try to flee!  
In vain we plead the stress of work,  
We're told quite plainly that we shirk;  
In vain complain of vacant mind,  
Ideas and subjects thou dost find.  
We have no literary bent?  
Why, then, to drawing we are sent,  
Or, failing that, a last resort,  
Are told that riddles are our forte!  
And so with matter, good or ill,  
Thou striv'st the Magazine to fill.  
Well, Editor, if this should strain  
Thy shattered nerves, and jaded brain,  
'Twill prove the saying thou dost scorn,  
That writers are not made, but born!

## ACKWORTH.

"Hurrah! Weekly pence to-night!" You would have heard this remark made by many of the hundred and twenty girls at The School had you been there on any third Friday during the school year. The hundred and eighty boys each received their weekly pence on the Saturday following. It was given out to us at supper time. The mistress in charge came round the four large tables and deposited three pennies beside the plate of each one of us. I think we preferred three coppers to a silver threepenny piece, they seemed to suggest more variety in the way of investment. The supply of money from which this came had been bequeathed to the school by a man much interested in its foundation; each pupil in the school was entitled to receive one penny per week. How we valued it! We all of us had some pocket money from home as well, but that in no wise made us less appreciative of the weekly pence.

We could get permission on the Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays to go across the road to Simpson's, or down the road to Walker's, the small shops where we laid out our money. You may guess on what our weekly pence chiefly went! My own personal tastes led me to invest my three pennies thus, (1) a penny iced bun, (2) a penny bar of Fry's plain chocolate, (3) half a pound of Victoria plums at twopence a pound, when in season.

Materials for sewing and letter writing could be purchased within the school. The Mistress on Duty kept an excellent variety of fancy work, paper and envelopes, even postage stamps and birthday presents in a small chest of drawers kept in one of the form rooms. Sometimes we would say, "Miss Taylor, may I buy so and so **off** you?" She would look down at us with withering scorn and say, "Can you see it **on** me? Is it on my sleeve?"

Gardens were a great feature of the school. A certain raised part of the grounds was laid out in small garden plots and the girls were allowed to rent these for half a year at a time. The rent of a garden was sixpence a half-year, and two girls usually shared one patch. Those gardens that had shades were the favorites; a shade was a square-shaped hole provided with a moveable sloping glass lid; in this miniature greenhouse we planted ferns and water moss, and each shade was usually tenanted by a pet frog, the pride of the owners. Prizes were awarded annually for the best gardens. I never got a prize, but one year my shade received honourable mention.

We went for a walk once a week, on Thursday, a grand scamper across beautiful country. This was the only time during the week that we wore hats.

Some of the rules at Ackworth were very strict: for instance,

no speaking was allowed in the dormitories after we went upstairs to bed. Anyone turning round to look at the clock in service on Sunday was severely taken to task. And no one might go upstairs during the day without leave. Quite often during meals, when we had been too noisy, we were condemned to spend the rest of the meal in entire silence. In bygone days it had been the custom for no speaking to be allowed at any meal. Certain traditions, relics of this age, reached down to my time in the shape of peculiar signs that were made instead of asking for the various things upon the table. When we were put under the silence rule we all resorted to these signs: the three middle fingers placed on the table meant, "Please pass the milk," the little finger indicated the need of salt, all five fingers water, and so on.

The diet was exceedingly wholesome and exceedingly plain. For breakfast we had milk and bread, the only possible variation was in the milk; we could have it either hot or cold. Whichever we chose we had to drink half a mugfull—we had large mugs without handles—and in order to show that we really had no milk left in the bottom of the mug we had to turn it upside down on our plates. Twice a week we had porridge for breakfast. Dinner consisted of two courses, some sort of meat and vegetables and puddings or pies. Tea was like breakfast, milk and bread, but on Sundays we had a piece of cake each, and on the two half-holidays we had "extras," butter or cheese or jam and tea, coffee or cocoa. On Friday nights we were allowed to have our own jam which we brought with us from home. The extreme plainness of the fare has been done away with by now, indeed the change began at the end of my time, when the sixty eldest girls had tea and bread and butter every evening.

But in spite, or perhaps because, of the great simplicity of life, we were gloriously happy.

The school was built of grey stone round three sides of a square. The west wing was the girls', the east wing the boys', and the "centre" contained the library and other public rooms and the Headmaster's quarters. Stretching between the two wings was the boys' playground and the girls' green. On the boys' wing straight opposite to us was a large clock surmounted by a weather vane in the shape of a lamb. This clock regulated the time for the school and for the whole village. One of the jokes to have over a new child was to announce that when the clock struck twelve at midnight the lamb came down and grazed on the green. Quite true, doubtless, only the clock was one which never struck any hour at all!

A narrow strip of flagged pavement separated the boys' playground from the green. This was neutral ground and was known as The Flags, and on the Flags brothers and sisters



or cousins might walk up and down together. When a boy wanted his sister he had to stand at the top of the Flags and wait; sometimes there would be quite a little crowd standing, and the sisters would then go and join them; or it might be the sister who had to wait for her brother at the corner of the green.

Games were entered into keenly; we played cricket and tennis and croquet in the summer, and hockey and "chivey" (prisoner's base) in the winter. The playgrounds were very large, there were two of them besides the green and the ash tennis courts. The boys had their own playground and fields for cricket and football.

When I was at Ackworth we had a fine open-air swimming bath, but we were never allowed to stay long in the water, as it was usually chilly until the end of June, when we went home for the holidays. As a result the standard of swimming was a poor one. I recollect well one day in our half-hour's recess going down to the bath with the only four other girls who could swim and we all five, one by one, attempted and succeeded in swimming the width! We each received sixpence as a prize! Since then the bath has been covered in and swimming and life saving and diving have gone forward wonderfully, and I have pleasure in recording the fact that within the last three years Ackworth has been awarded the Hundred Guinea Gold Cup offered by the Royal National Life Saving Institution, in open competition over the two hundred other schools which entered for it.

A number of visitors used to come to the school during the course of the year, some of them came frequently and we got to know them and to look forward to their coming. One old man in especial we used to find most entertaining. He was tall and had a very long snow-white beard. His hobby was elocution. He used to come into all the classes and give us demonstrations and then we had to try the passages after him. Out of school hours he would sometimes suddenly appear from nowhere, armed with a huge basket of oranges or apples; when a crowd had collected he would say, "Any girl who catches can have," and then he used to throw the fruit high into the air.

Very often he recited to the whole school in the lecture room. Pieces after the style of "Peter Piper" had a fascination for him, he used to get the headmaster to time him and he always tried to beat his own record. There was one piece that began something like this, "There were two boot-blacks, a white boot-black and a black boot-black. And the white boot-black said to the black boot-black, 'Black these boots black!' And the black boot-black said 'No!' and blacked the face of the white boot-black." Another piece depicted the alarm of some ladies when a mouse ran across the floor. The old man used to have



several chairs on the platform for this piece and he played the part of each lady in turn, screaming and jumping on chairs and doing all the things that a lady is supposed to do on the approach of a mouse.

A certain dear old visitor, Hannah Cadbury, was a great favorite. She was little and plump and pink-cheeked, and she wore eye-glasses attached by a cord; she laughed constantly, and every time off would drop her glasses! We liked her to come round the classes and we liked to show her our work, because she invariably said, "Very nice, dear, very nice," to all and sundry.

It is a far cry from Winnipeg, The Queen of the Prairie, to the quiet little Ackworth village. But if any Havergalian ever finds herself in Yorkshire and visits the school, she will be able to see for herself the same old gray stone buildings, and the splendid playing fields, and will further realise the place that Ackworth must hold in the hearts of all who know her.

G. M. S.

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### A BURIED TREASURE.

Among the treasures of Havergal is a calf-bound volume which looks like an office ledger, or a complete English Dictionary. Its title, "Baker's Chronicle," is not very illuminating, its cover is not attractive, and its size is most certainly against it, but anybody whose courage or curiosity is sufficient to carry them beyond dull brown leather and faded red edges, will be rewarded by much that is interesting and, indeed, by much that is entertaining within.

The book came to us three years ago — the gift of Mr. G. W. Baker, whose ancestor was the author of the Chronicle, and such has been our respect for its age and worth that it has ever since been carefully preserved among volumes of corresponding size, bulk and apparent dullness, on the bookshelves of the Staff Sitting Room. It is not a book that can be easily circulated, and it is too valuable to trust to what might possibly be careless hands, and this may account for the seclusion in which it has lived so long. At the same time it is worthy of much more attention than it now receives; hence—this article.

There are few books that we do not like the better for knowing something of the authors, and of the circumstances under which they wrote. The story of Sir Richard Baker is somewhat pathetic (though Sir Richard might resent our pity!). He was born in Kent in the days of Queen Elizabeth, probably in 1568, and in due time went up to Oxford. There he shared rooms with Sir Henry Wootton, whom we know as the author of two charming little poems included in our "Golden Treasury."

Sir Richard Baker travelled on the Continent, was knighted by King James in 1603, and became sheriff for Oxfordshire. Here his good fortune ended. When he married he generously, but foolishly, made himself responsible for some debts contracted by his wife's family. He was never able to pay them, the burden of them increased, and he became debtor to the Crown. At last in 1635 his estates were confiscated, he was penniless, and he had to seek refuge in the Fleet—the debtors' prison. There he stayed till his death in 1645, but life there was not unbearable. He turned his mind to Literature and, at the age of 67, began to write. "The storm of his estate," says Fuller, the Jacobean divine, "forced him to flye for shelter to his studies and devotions." In prison he wrote poetry, meditations on the Lord's Prayer and the Psalms, and what chiefly concerns us here, compiled his "Chronicle." How he gathered his materials, we do not know. The Chronicle is prefaced by a most formidable list of authorities—93 in all—but it is most improbable that Sir Richard had access to, or any first hand acquaintance with half of them. The book, however, wiled away the hours in prison, and he believed he was doing a great piece of work. In fact in the "Epistle to the Reader" the author states quite frankly his belief "that if all other of our Chronicles should be lost, this only would be sufficient to inform Posterity of all Passages memorable or worthy to be known." Poor Sir Richard! He little dreamed of the disparaging remarks and damaging criticisms that would pursue his valuable Chronicle later; nor could he foresee that it would at last be the subject for an article in a School Magazine.

The History was well received in his own day, and four years after his death was translated into Dutch. The narrative was carried on to 1658 by Edward Philipps, Milton's nephew, and the book passed through several editions, and was constantly brought up-to-date, till it was discarded altogether. The volume possessed by Havergal was printed and published in 1679 at "Ye Golden Ball" in Hosien Lane. From the middle of the seventeenth century to the middle of the eighteenth century Baker's Chronicle was part of the equipment of every country gentleman's library. Sir Roger de Coverley kept a copy of it in his hall window; he studied it a whole summer, and it was the source of all the knowledge he displayed when he went with the Spectator to see the tombs in Westminster Abbey. Fielding tells us that it was part of the furniture of Sir Thomas Booby's country house.

We do well to respect a book that had such worthy patrons in its life-time.

Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle differs in every respect from a modern History book. Its very size suggests the difference, and a glance at any page within accentuates it. There are two

columns on every page, with marginal notes and dates. The pages are plentifully besprinkled with capital letters; every proper name, either of a person or a place, is written in italics, and every quotation is printed in the same way. Added to this the type is set up with the old long "s," which always tempts one to read it as "f," and with the "c" and "t" linked together. There can be no doubt as to the genuine age of the book! The Publisher has inserted two curious front pages; on the left hand page is a picture of Charles II.; on the right—a frontispiece of rather elaborate design. In the centre is the full title of the book—"A Chronicle of the Kings of England, From the Time of the Romans Government unto the Death of King James, containing all Passages of State and Church, with all other observations proper for a Chronicle. Faithfully collected out of Authours Ancient and Moderne; and digested into a new method by Sr. Richard Baker Kt." The rest of the page is adorned with pictures of Charles I.—"inter Reges ut Lilium inter Flores" — (among Kings as the Lily is among flowers), and Archbishop Laud; four little pictures of the cities of Verulam, Lincoln, London and York—as they never could have been; and four more representing a Roman, a Saxon, a Dane and a Norman, none of them in the least like any soldier that ever existed.

There are many pages to be turned before the anxious reader can begin the History. There is a Preface, a Catalogue of Writers, a table showing the descent of Charles II, in a literally straight line from Egbert, a "Catalogue of the Nobility, Archbishops, Bishops, Privy Councillors, Judges and Baronets of England" (and there are 700 baronets!) and then at last the Chronicle.

Sir Richard may have been qualified by nature to write a very pleasant and readable book, but he was not a scientific historian. One of the most difficult tasks for the historian is the distinguishing of fact from fable; of discovering the substratum of truth under the masses of fiction. Sir Richard Baker appreciated this difficulty, as the opening sentences of his history show: "As the first writers were poets, so the first writings have been fictions. And nothing is delivered to Posterity of the most ancient times but very Fables. . . . And when we are once gotten out of Fables, and come to some truth, yet that truth is delivered in such slender draughts, and such broken pieces, that very small benefit can be gotten by the knowing of it." But the labour of separating fable from fact proved too great for the seventeenth century historian, and the History is a positive storehouse of amusing and improbable stories. Sometimes Sir Richard seems conscience stricken, as for example, when he has quoted a somewhat improper story, he adds—"But writers perhaps had been more compleat, if they had left this

story out of their writings." However he had not been able to resist the temptation of putting it in himself!

His account of each reign follows a very definite plan, and is divided up under a number of headings. The first section is generally devoted to a sketch of the King's doings during his reign; then follow "His taxations and wayes for raising of money," "Laws and Ordinances of his time," "Affairs of the Church in his time," "Works of Piety" [It is sometimes necessary in the case of Kings like William Rufus and John to vary this last heading, and to make it read "Works of Piety done by him or by others in his time"], "His Wives and Children," "His Personage and Conditions," "Casualties happening in his time," "His death and burial," "Men of special note in his time." It is in the last four or five sections that one must look to find a good deal that we do not learn now-a-days, and to gather Sir Richard's private opinions.

Just as one always turns in a book of poetry to the poems one knows best, or in a new commentary looks first to discover the author's views on one's own pet subjects, so in a fresh history book it is quite natural to see what the historian has to say about the Kings and great men one has always admired or detested. Here to one's delight one finds quaint or refreshing criticisms, stories that show an amazing credulity, and an unexpected mingling of the important and unimportant. But it has proved a most difficult task to make a selection of such passages, for in an essay where space is limited, extracts must necessarily be brief, and so there are many good things in the book that must be passed over. Possibly the extracts that are quoted will send readers of the Magazine to the Chronicle itself to search for more treasures for themselves.

On Alfred, Sir Richard is undoubtedly disappointing (there is no mention of the cakes; perhaps it seemed an undignified story to the Royalist historian, and he scorned to repeat the well-known legend). He seems to suspect something apocryphal in the records concerning Alfred: "The virtues of this King, if they were not incredible, they were at least admirable"; and he hardly approves of Alfred's many-sidedness: "Besides his great piety, he was also learned, and as far as it might be a commendation in a Prince, a skilful Musician and excellent Poet." Finally, the whole of that fascinating reign is dismissed in a single column. In discussing Edward the Confessor, Sir Richard shows a certain independence of judgment, and reviewing his reign is at a loss to discover his claim to saintship, "so what the virtues were, for which after his death he should be reputed a St. doth not easily appear." However, he admits that he was raised "above the pitch of ordinary Kings" by his power of curing King's Evil by his touch. The reign of William I. occupies many pages and receives a fairly just treatment



at the historian's hands. However, he seemed to think that greater than all his conquests and his laws is the fact that "from him we begin the Computation of our Kings of England." His end is recorded in a sentence which is quite beautiful: "And thus he who was Conqueror of men, was conquered himself by death, the ninth day of September." It would be unjust to Sir Richard not to quote at least one of the "Casualties" which he so carefully recorded. In John's reign a great marvel was seen. "In Suffolk was taken a fish in form like to a man, and was kept six months upon land with raw flesh and fish; and then, for that they could have no speech of it, they cast it into the sea again." Richard III. is altogether condemned and the record of his reign concludes with these words: "Of men of note for wickedness and villainy, enough hath been mentioned in the body of the story: of men of valour and learning they will fitter be placed in a better King's reign."

The History becomes more and more detailed as it draws nearer the historian's own time. One half of the whole volume is occupied with the affairs from 1558-1679. The plots and intrigues of Elizabeth's reign are given with much circumstance, and it is plain that Sir Richard admired his sovereign very much. The list of the men of note is, of course, a long one, but the order is at first surprising. Robert, Earl of Leicester, comes first: "an exquisite statesman for his own ends." Then follow other statesmen, seamen, writers, divines, the actors Richard Burbidge and Edward Allen, and at the very end the names we should have put among the first. "In writers of plays and such as had been Players themselves William Shakspeare and Benjamin Jonson have specially left their names recommended to Posterity." Verily, a prophet hath no honour in his own country. We should expect Sir Richard Baker to be Royalist in his sympathies, so we are not surprised at the very flattering estimate of the character of James I., which concludes: "He was a Prince after Plato's own heart for his Learning, and what is infinitely more worth, after God's own heart for his religiousness and Piety." We do not know what he thought of Charles for he died in 1645, and so was spared the pain of seeing the Royalist cause fail, and Charles I. die on the scaffold. But the History was continued by another hand into the reign of Charles II. Except for the fact that the whole of the Commonwealth period is counted as part of the reign of Charles II., there is little to show the sympathies of the writer. Indeed, he is extraordinarily just to Cromwell. But it must be remembered that it was Edward Philipps who carried on the story; he was the nephew of Milton, and possibly leaned towards the Puritan side. From his uncle too he must have learned to admire the great soldier and ruler, and his final verdict on his character is this: "Had he not employed that Policy and Sagacity of



Parts, which must be confessed to have been in him, to evil ends . . . . usurping his Majesties Government, he might have been worthy of eminent Place and Dignity in it."

As the extracts show, Sir Richard's style is not quite modern, but it is not so old-fashioned as to be irksome. Usually, when he is merely recording the history, he is simple and straightforward. When he adds his own comments and illustrations his style becomes more elaborate, and he writes in the manner that was fashionable in his youth, created by Lyly, and known to us as the Euphuistic style. Speaking of the children of Edward I., he says: "His greatest unfortunateness was in his greatest blessings, for of four sons which he had, three of them died in his own life time who were worthy to have outlived him: And the fourth outlived him, who was worthy never to have been born." Traces of Euphuism may be seen not only in the symmetry and antithesis of his sentences, but in some of his curious comparisons. Surely never before or since has such a simile as the following been used for William Rufus: "He was never less dejected than when in most extremity, being like a Cube, that which way soever he fell he was still upon the bottom."

The new school of historians at the end of the eighteenth century judged Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle harshly and somewhat unfairly. He certainly is "uncritical and inexact," but no man can walk by a light that does not shine in his own day. His History was as good as any other History written in the Jacobean period, and was a standard work for nearly a century. Even in the twentieth century we can read it with pleasure and with a kindly feeling towards the old historian, who in a debtor's prison compiled his entertaining record.

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### DER STERNE TROST.

O Sterne, die am Himmel gluh 'n,  
 Hat Gott daroben euch gestellt  
 Um zu bewachen unsre Welt  
 Wenn Menschen ruh'n.

Ihr seid so wunderbar gelind,  
 Wir fuhlen, sehend eure Pracht,  
 Dass Mann, mit aller seinen Macht  
 Ist doch ein Kind.

Wenn Erde kalt und dunkel liegt,  
 Ich stromt hinab das schonste Licht,  
 Sinnbild dass Gott vergisst uns nicht  
 Wenn Freude fliegt.

## ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND.

On a rocky plateau in a beautiful bay on the coast of Fife-shire, stands St. Andrews, "the old gray town by the sea." As we enter the little station on a bright July morning, we are amazed at the busy, happy and interesting crowd that awaits the train. Some have just arrived from their morning game of golf and display the weapons with which they chase "the little ba'," for the golf links of St. Andrews are perhaps the greatest attraction to visitors and are of world-wide renown.

The minute we step out of the station, we catch our first glimpse of the many delightful pictures that St. Andrews affords—the wide azure-coloured bay with its foaming sea-horses, beating against the rugged cliffs, and away towards the west the undulating links.

There is little doubt that there was a settlement here in early prehistoric times. The Monkish legend assigned its ecclesiastical origin to St. Regulus or Rule, who, warned in a dream, brought certain bones of St. Andrew from Patras in the 4th century, and was wrecked at Muckros, afterwards called Kilrimont and now St. Andrews. In Queen Margaret's time it became the seat of the high bishop of the Scots.

The cathedral, now only a ruin, was founded about 1160, in presence of Malcolm IV., and consecrated in 1318 in presence of Robert Bruce. At the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign it was stripped of its beautiful ornaments and images.

The castle old and ivy-decked with only a rim of crumbling walls, was built in 1200 and since then has been rebuilt many times, but now a mere skeleton stands as a monument of its past greatness. George Wishart and other martyrs of the Reformation period were confined in its "bottle-dungeon" and Cardinal Beaton, a little later was slain within its massive walls, by the Reformers.

St. Andrews has been famous since 1120 for its schools, and its University was founded in 1411. From October till May the scarlet-gowned student may be seen walking to or from his classes, or meandering over the links and sands from which in the twilight he can see the mists coming o'er the college towers.

The old harbour too is picturesque and, tho' small, suffices for the few coasting vessels that frequent it.

It is no wonder then that the student who has "gone down" visits and revisits his Alma Mater and lingers o'er the scenes that once inspired his soul to great things.

"The waves roar 'neath thy battlements  
Breaking in glistening spray,  
As if they mocked thy shattered walls,  
Relics of a bye-gone day.

Prisoners within thy dungeon dark,  
Have heard the billows moan,  
Have heard their ripple on thy crags,  
When they lay doomed and lone.

In days gone by, these crumbling walls,  
Have seen the woeful sight  
Of heroes on the burning pile,  
For religion and the right.

And from one fatal window—  
A ghastly sight—were hung  
The last remains of one who mocked  
The dying heroes' song.

Scenes such as these thou sees't no more,  
But we look back with pride  
Upon those noble, fearless souls  
Who for the Right have died.

Their deeds will live, when all things else  
Have faded—when no more  
The dim grey crags by moonlight cast  
Weird shadows on the shore."

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### THE GIRL OF 1814.

If we could take a look back into the life of a girl of a century ago, would it differ greatly from the average life of a girl to-day? Yes, perhaps in dress, in little habits and in speech, but not in the girl herself. A girl is essentially a girl wherever or whenever you may find her. The same little tendencies always exist—fussing over dress, longing for amusement, the keen enjoyment of every possible pleasure, the love of reading. Would we rather have lived in the previous century than in our own? Let us glance for a moment at the charms and drawbacks of both before we decide. We shall unseal the book of time and turn back one hundred pages until we find ourselves living in 1814.

Simplicity was the charm of a girl's life in 1814, from her straight high waisted frock and coal scuttle bonnet to her manner of living. A girl was only to grace a drawing-room and keep a home, and her education was given accordingly. She received her education principally from her father or mother. She was taught to sew, to embroider, to bake, to arrange flowers and to care for them in the garden. She also had to be able to keep accounts, for her house must be systematically kept. Every part of her education was directed towards what would be useful to her in her future life. She was taught French and how to read the best books and understand them.

As soon as her education was completed she took her place

in the home, to share in the managing of the house and to enjoy the continual round of gaieties. The girls of those days were very easily entertained. They did not have a wide sphere of pleasures. Shopping and gardening occupied their mornings; reading, embroidering, paying and receiving calls their afternoons, and music and occasional balls and card parties their evenings. These pleasures never grew monotonous. The simplicity and ease that accompanied any entertainment was delightful.

Sports occupied no place in a girl's life. They were left to the boys. It was considered most unladylike for a girl to take any physical exercise. To walk three miles was considered a terrible exhibition—to disgrace herself in such a manner was an unpardonable offence. A girl must be beautiful and her appearance always neat. What was a girl for but to be pleasing to the eye and a pleasant creature to talk to? She certainly could not take any exercise and remain so. She must be a good talker but not have too much to say, for her elders must have first place in the field. She must be able to play well, enough to be entertaining in case she should be asked to play. Her manners were always quiet and demure; any sign of emotion was most unladylike.

She was never allowed much liberty. She was always accompanied by a chaperone, her mother, her aunt, an old friend or a suitable gentleman. She could not shop, drive out or even take a walk alone, and most necessary of all was a chaperone at a ball, the theatre or any entertainment. Her imagination was by no means suppressed, the books of horror of the day supplied plenty of food for thought. Her life was quiet and almost uneventful, and these books, filled with unknown wonder and horror, filled up the vacancies. They were pored over with the keenest delight and read and re-read. Every girl had her fate carefully planned, full of heroic adventures and heroes, but it always led along one of two roads—she either married and spent her life in caring for her home, or remained at home all her life, politely termed “the unmarried daughter.”

KATHLEEN ARDAGH,

Form Lower VI.

### THE GIRL OF 1914.

If it were possible for one of Jane Austen's girls of 1814 to come to life, she would be not a little surprised, and perhaps also a trifle shocked, at her sister of a century later. Certainly, at the first glance, she would recognize few pleasures or duties in common; and as for sports! Her delicate sensibilities would be wounded beyond recovery at the mere idea of a girl indulging in games as heartily as any boy. To the girl of 1814 freedom of any description was unknown, whereas now girls are



allowed to mingle with their elders, and as a result, early form their opinions upon all subjects, and are quite ready to give their views whenever opportunity offers, and defend them against all opposition. The 1914 girl realizes that the twentieth century is essentially the "Woman's era" and behaves accordingly. She enters into all conversations, and there are few remaining representatives of the "girls should be seen and not heard" type. That kind of a girl is "so old fashioned."

Yet in spite of her new acquirements the girl of 1914 is still very much a girl, and on the whole a very good sort of girl, too.

Our girl takes a lively interest in sports, her studies and social pleasures. She can play golf and tennis and basket-ball, ride her wheel and often drive a car quite as well as her stronger brother. Her sisters in France can even fly their aeroplanes. What a shock to the sensitive nerves of the 1814 lass!

She goes through college and gets her degree, and afterwards often makes use of it to gain her own livelihood, occasionally entering one of the "learned professions" and succeeding quite as well as any man.

Perhaps in her pleasures more than anything else one sees her relationship to the girl of one hundred years ago. She enjoys dancing quite as much as did her sister, although now she dances the Two-step and Hesitation instead of the stately Minuet. Teas, the theatre, luncheons and her own special little club, play quite as important a part in her life now as then. In her love of pretty things and the amount of "titivating" her toilet requires, we find little difference. "Girls will be girls" and as such the adornment of their person is, for some years, of great importance to them.

In some ways we find our 1914 girl somewhat behind the 1814 one. She has not, in general, the same knowledge of house-keeping, and often her chief accomplishments in the culinary line are Divinity Fudge and similar delicious confections.

Her favourite authors too, are not, as a rule, those whose works were best loved by the 1814 girl. The latest and most popular novel is always read by the girl of a century later. She often has many good friends upon her bookshelves, however, and ones that the 1814 girl would recognize with pleasure; while for music and pictures she has decided likings also.

An 1814 girl must marry or remain at home. Our 1914 girl can enter almost any profession she chooses and is quite independent.

We read a great deal of the modesty, sensibility and charm of the girl of 1814, but it seems to me that the 1914 girl, for all her slangy and tomboyish ways, is just as attractive and accomplished a girl as one would care to know.

HELEN LETHBRIDGE, Upper VI.







### ON A REPLICA OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

O ladies dear of long ago,  
With eyes and hands devoutly bent  
Upon your pious task intent—  
Your chronicle of war and woe—

Ah, surely now and then the thread  
And needle paused o'er blue and brown,  
While something brighter glimmer'd down,  
A tribute to the valiant dead.

And page and minstrel hushed awhile  
Of Senlac fight the chorus rude,  
And Norman Odo silent view'd  
The broideries for his minster pile.

Though twice four hundred years have roll'd  
Since all your gentle work was doné,  
Your daughters of the Western sun  
Greet you, and those your love made bold.

Afar, in climes you never trod,  
Down the dim annals of our race,  
A record in our hearts we trace  
Of those who fell for home and God.

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### THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

In the public libraries of Bayeux, that somewhat decayed city of ancient Normandy, there is to be found very carefully preserved the famous Bayeux Tapestry. This wonderful piece of embroidery was formerly thought to have been executed by Queen Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, or by the Empress Matilda, daughter of Henry I., but the latest theory is that it was done by the Nuns of the Cathedral under the orders

of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. In all probability it was used to decorate the nave of the Cathedral and because of the great quantities of similar work accomplished at that period, it was considered of no special value. For years it hung unheeded and unnoticed while great events were taking place. It saw Normandy become part of the Angevin Empire, then slip away from John's careless hands and finally become part of the realm of France. Great changes took place; the tapestry still hung on the wall and gradually all work of its kind died out. All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries tapestry was considered a lost art, except in the Royal factories, till finally this great specimen was discovered and placed in the public libraries in Bayeux as a very valuable possession. There it may be seen to-day, its once brilliant colors now faded by the suns of time to a more subdued and delicate hue.

This marvellous piece of needlework is on a band of linen two hundred and thirty feet long, but only twenty inches wide, and is divided up into seventy-two scenes, each supposed to illustrate some historical event in the conquest of England by William of Normandy. The drawing is rough and unfinished, with absolutely no pretence at perspective, but it is all the more quaint and interesting. Such an idea as giving people two whole legs if only one would do was unthought of, so we get a crowd of people amongst whom there are scarcely enough legs or arms for each head. The hind legs of a horse or any parts which are not so prominent are always worked in a lighter color—perspective being hinted at in this way. In the border there are numerous objects such as trees, weird looking animals and birds, and human beings or portions of them which look like heraldic signs. In the battle scenes the border is decorated with numerous arms and legs flying about; and some poor heroes may be seen walking about without heads. Corresponding to a hunting scene there are birds, strange creatures whose species is doubtful, and to a sea voyage even stranger fish may be found. The story can easily be followed from the tapestry but the pious women thought to make it clearer by little explanatory sentences in Dog Latin.

The first scene on the tapestry represents Harold taking leave of Edward the Confessor, and his subsequent departure for Bosham with many faithful attendants. He then takes ship at the Sussex coast, very prudently removing his hose before embarking because he must needs walk a few steps through the water first. On landing, however (hose once again removed), he is taken prisoner by Guy, Earl of Ponthieu, and is sent to Beauraine, but William begs for his release. Then follows the mighty battle in which Harold helps William against the Earl of Bretagne, his oath never to interfere with William's succession to the Confessor's throne and his final departure for

England. He then tells his adventures to Edward, whose death and funeral follow immediately after (it may be noticed that the funeral comes first). Amidst great rejoicings Harold ascends the throne. Then the news reaches William and he begins immediate preparations for war. The Normans set sail at once for England, and here we see a mariner walking lightly upon the waves bearing a huge anchor, which he fastens to a slender tree. They march to Hastings, and encamp there; then the great battle follows, Harold is killed and the English flee.

Quite a number of buildings are included in the tapestry, such as Edward's palace, William's castle and Westminster Abbey itself. They are all perfectly flat, as a small child draws houses, but there are signs of Norman architecture in the rounded arches and heavy pillars.

Much can be gleaned from the study of the work concerning the military and civil dress of the times. The costume of the ordinary man appears to be composed of a short smock caught in at the waist by a cord and a long sweeping cape fastened to the shoulders. A soldier wears a coat of mail made of heavy chain, and bears on his head a very fine helmet. He carries the usual banner and shield. The manners and customs of these people seem to be very natural and true to life, and the whole production speaks of vigour and spirit. The expressions of the different faces seem animated and full of life. For instance, William's feelings on receiving the news of what is taking place in England are quite apparent from the sulky, disagreeable expression he bears.

The old tapestry remains a monument to the patience and industry of those ladies of the eleventh century and to the grim realities by which a mighty Empire is built up.

EMBREE McBRIDE.

Form Lower VI.

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### A SUMMER EXPERIENCE.

It was a lonely little bay on the mainland, not often visited because there was nothing out of the ordinary to attract most people. One side was high and rocky and covered in places with masses of moss and ferns, the other was low and marshy, the shore fringed with tall grass and reeds. The end of the bay was filled with lily pads and tall grass with a background of evergreens and poplar.

Deer had been seen in the bay, though not often, but we were determined to see one, at least, before the end of the summer. Every evening about sunset we paddled quietly into the bay and hid the canoe and ourselves, as well as possible, among the tall grass at one side of the bay. Generally the watching and waiting were in vain, and often we were driven home by sand flies and mosquitoes. But if no deer appeared



there was always something to watch. Sometimes a big brown owl would sail noiselessly by in search of his evening meal, or a squirrel begin to scold us from the trees overhead. The stillness was broken occasionally by the splash of a fish leaping out of the water, or by the notes of the thrush and the whitethroat sparrow.

One evening, some small animal started to swim across the bay and we set off in pursuit to see what it was. Just as we got near, it dived, but soon reappeared some yards away. We started after it again, but happening to look towards the back of the bay I saw on the shore a small deer quietly feeding on the grass and lily pads. Letting the canoe drift, we sat perfectly still while it fed, now and then lifting its dainty head to gaze uneasily in our direction. It was a light reddish brown in colour, with large soft ears, no horns, and pretty, delicately shaped legs and body. For ten or fifteen minutes it stayed in view and then quietly disappeared into the woods. Our long waiting had been rewarded.

PHYLLIS ROSS,  
Form Lower VI.

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### WINTER.

Spirit of Winter, glorying in thy power,  
From bitter North, where none dispute thy reign,  
Thou comest down, and following in thy train  
Are elements which make the strongest cower;  
And few there be who may escape thy lour.  
Long months thou guard'st well the key we fain  
Would have unlock earth's streams, and for them claim  
Their vanished life for yet another hour.  
And yet, O Winter, thou are not always cruel—  
Thou too hast days, when far afield we wander  
Charmed by the beauty thou dost so freely squander.  
Thou too, like man, canst claim a nature dual,  
At once relentless, stern and seeming hard  
And yet of summer's gifts the faithful guard.

H. L.

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### LES PRECIEUSES.

In studying the rise of the drama, we turn to France, and France of the seventeenth century, for the supreme examples of comedy. When we find that the greatest master of this most delicate art, Moliere, has twice over selected a passing phase of the manners of his time as a fitting subject for his genius, we do well to pause and ask ourselves what this phase signified.

In France, in the early and middle seventeenth century, there was a tendency to lower the standard of conversation



and literary taste. To prevent this degeneration of their language, certain learned ladies of the Court formed a society, whose chief aim was to preserve the niceties and refinements of the French tongue. They were polished and extremely witty, and succeeded in refining both literature and manners. They met regularly at the house of the Marquise de Rambouillet and discussed literature and most of the leading questions of the day.

It was their custom to receive in their boudoirs, in little "alcoves" surrounded by a "ruelle" or a railing, but naturally the manners of the ruelles and the alcoves were very artificial. The real *Precieuses* were soon imitated by a number of ladies of the bourgeoisie, and the false *Precieuses* arose. However, the real *Precieuses* were partly successful in their aim, and they certainly helped to raise the standard of French manners and French speech. But naturally, when these provincial fine ladies, less intellectual and often highly ridiculous, drew attention to themselves, the good work of the real *Precieuses* was soon overshadowed by the affectation and stupidity of the false ones.

Already literature was being infected with the style of the *Precieuses*, and we see in the greatest authors, such as Corneille, and even in Moliere himself, traces of their influence.

Moliere, realizing the humour and absurdity of it all, and that the influence of the *Precieuses* was unfavourable to a healthy development of French literature, rendered his country a great service when at one blow he absolutely killed the progress of the movement in his famous play, "*Les Precieuses Ridicules*." In this play he has unmercifully pilloried all the *Precieuses* of the seventeenth century. He no doubt did not intend to satirize the Hotel de Rambouillet and its society, but the affectation and bad taste of the false *Precieuses*, the ridiculous imitators of the real ones.

We have, too, in this play, Moliere's views on the education of women — his ideal woman was, like all other ideal women, capable of looking after her home and her children, of speaking correctly and with elegance, and with a fair appreciation of literature. But, the study of philosophy, poetic composition and the inauguration of learned societies did not enter into his view of woman's realm.

Moliere, I think, is not wholly justified in these views. Why, if a woman is capable of writing, of learning philosophy, of opening large schools and societies, should she not do so, provided her home is not neglected? The history of education in the last hundred years shows us how much can be safely undertaken by women. Why, then, should a woman tie herself down to her home alone, when she is capable of doing something big, which not only helps herself and her family, but goes to help the whole nation?

But, whatever may be our judgment of his views on woman's education, we owe Moliere a deep debt of gratitude for the character studies in his two plays on the subject, *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, 1659, and *Les Femmes Savantes*, 1672. Of the two, *Les Femmes Savantes* is by far the riper, richer production, and he seems at the end of his career to have wished to produce a work of rare artistic merit. Not only is the play wonderful as a comedy, but the style is admirable.

By "*Les Precieuses*" Moliere had succeeded in banishing from the "ruelles" and the "alcoves" the ridiculous affectation of the false *Precieuses*. In "*Les Femmes Savantes*" he attacked the pedantry of women, and showed the evil effects of the pedantic spirit in the family. Instead of attending to her household duties, Philaminte thinks only of letters and science, and chases from her house her servant Martine for not speaking *vaugelas*. She is imperious as well as pedantic, and rules over her family with an iron hand. Chrysale, her husband, is a rich bourgeois, a man of good sense, but weak. In his wife's absence he speaks boldly and says that his will "must" be law; but as soon as she appears he dare not oppose her, and yields meekly to her wishes. Philaminte's daughter, Armande, is not only pedantic like her mother, but she is selfish and jealous. She has rejected Clitandre's suit, because marriage is not sufficiently ethereal; and when Clitandre courts Henriette, her sister, she endeavours to prevent their marriage by favouring Trissatin, another suitor of Henriette's. The latter is the most graceful creation of Moliere's; she does not know Greek, but is a charming young girl, gentle, modest and sensible. She seems to personify Moliere's idea of the perfect woman, and is in every respect an admirable character. Her lover Clitandre is a man of honour and good judgment, and it is he who expresses the author's opinion about the education of women.

Belise, Philaminte's sister, is the most ridiculous of the three "*femmes savantes*." She believes that all men are in love with her, and carries this idea to such an extreme that her folly is not credible.

Ariste, the reasonable man, is not the one that speaks the most sensibly, it is Clitandre, whom we admire above all. Ariste, however, is necessary to the plot, as it is he who exposes Trissotin's mercenary motives, and makes Philaminte consent to Henriette's marriage to Clitandre, a conclusion which Chrysale "orders."

To Moliere alone is due the praise for having stamped out from French society and French literature the affectation and bad taste which were so prevalent during the seventeenth century. But in rooting up the bad, he left unharmed the good that had been accomplished by the ladies of the Hotel de Rambouillet—*Les Precieuses*.

DOROTHY McDOUGALL. Form Upper VI.

### BABY'S GARDEN.

Baby's eyes build a wonderful garden,  
Wherein she may walk with her pink chubby feet—  
Fairy spot, bright as the Forest of Arden,  
And touched with the breath of the Jessamine sweet;  
Pathways that wind where a child loves to wander,  
Rose walks that bend to the little one's quest,  
Then to the gate and the loving hearts yonder,  
And back to the nursery, mother, and rest.

MARGARET HARRISON,  
Form Lower V.

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### A BRITISH COLUMBIA SAW-MILL.

"Hullo Harry! harness up Flossie, for Jack says we need more provisions, and I'll ride along to town with you," called my chum Frank.

Our little party of five considered a British Columbia forest the best place for a holiday, and so not two days previous we had pitched our camp near a beautiful little fall, there to spend the summer.

I was on the alert and ready to explore the neighborhood



and especially to have a look at the town, so it was not long before Frank and myself were off on our way through the forest. Tall trees of spruce, fir, cedar, pine and tamarac arched over our heads, while every now and then the bend in the road brought us in full view of the river valley below. We had not travelled far when we met a party of lumberjacks, chopping

down the massive trunks of trees and stripping them of their branches. Two of the party were preparing to leave for the town; we offered them a lift (which they readily accepted) and drove on again.

"However do they get those logs to the river," enquired my chum of one of the lumberjacks.

"The horses haul the logs to the bank, and as soon as we pass this bit of the wood, I shall be able to show you the next stage of their journey," he answered.

We had not gone far when we came to a place where the road passed for quite a distance along the river bank. I stopped the horse as our guide desired. Far below like a silver thread flowed the Bull, rushing on to join the Kootenay, and as we gazed, something like a splash attracted our eyes. The timberman bade us look closely, and we could see extending down the side of the slope what he termed a flume, composed of well greased boards down which log after log slipped at lightning speed, to end with a grand splash into the river.

"The swift current of the Bull carries the logs to the Kootenay, where, protected by booms, most of them reach the mill in safety," our companion informed us.

Frank and I determined then and there to see the end of those logs, so we drove Flossie along at a fast pace in order to reach the Town and have time to go through the mill.

On arriving at the Town we purchased our provisions, after which we wandered along the bank of the Kootenay till we came to the mill. There, according to previous arrangement, our friend the lumberjack met us prepared to lead us through the mill. He showed us how the logs were taken from the river, by means of a great chain and hooks, to the sawing floor. At the time we were there a gigantic pine log was being hoisted up the incline, so we thought we would follow it through its various and exciting adventures.

Situated near the chain stood the man who controlled the chain, niggers and spikes, by pulling different levers. As the log neared the log dock, large spikes called niggers bobbed up, gripped the log, pulling it on to the dock, from which darted great iron teeth, preventing the log from moving farther. The log was then rolled upon a shifting platform, the sawyer judged the width of the strips which were to be cut, and soon our friend the "Log" was no more!

"These strips pass on to moving wheels and chains; the barky pieces," the lumberjack informed us, "go straight on, are cut in two and used for fire wood. The good pieces are rolled to another saw," which we passed on to see, still following a piece of our old log. "This saw smooths them," continued our guide. The strip continued its journey to be evened. A man situated in a box above, controls with one pull of his lever



the little saws which bob up as the strip passes. Thus all the pieces are the same length.

"The strip passes on to a part of the mill where men catch them with their peevies, putting pine with pine, and cedar with cedar. They are hauled off by horses and piled in large squares to season in the sun, and that is the end of them before they are made into furniture, laths, etc," ended the lumberman.

It was very interesting I thought, and every time I visit the town I generally take a walk to the mill.

E. TODD,  
Form Upper V.

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### WHICH ARE YOU?

In a class of music pupils,  
One finds girls of every type.  
As in all the other branches  
There are never two alike.

There's the girl who'll never practise,  
Seems to think there is no need!  
Murders time and tune and fingering,  
Makes her teacher's heart to bleed.

Then the girl who's conscientious,  
Doesn't tremble and look cowed;  
For she's sure of what she's doing,  
She has worked, and counts out loud.

But the dearest girl to teach is—  
("One with talent," you will cry).  
No! the one who's simply willing  
And makes up her mind to try.

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### THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

One of the most interesting points in the West is the Cave of the Winds, which is found not far from Manitou, Colorado. Leaving Manitou, one goes on a long, winding road of reddish colored sand stone, through the narrow ledges of William's Canon and up a mountain trail till an insignificant little curio store and waiting room is reached, and a guide is ready to take the different parties through the cave.



This cave was discovered almost two hundred years ago by two boys of ten and twelve. They were playing near this part of the mountain when they suddenly discovered an opening in the rock. A winding passage was found to be there, and when authorities were told of this matter, it was thoroughly searched and found to be a very interesting cave. The boys received about one thousand dollars for their claims in it. Later, more rooms were discovered and since then more wonderful stalactites and stalagmites have been forming in the cave.

The opening which these boys found was in such a direction as to receive the full gusts of wind, and the wind roared through the cave, filling it with queer noises and echoes. This was how the cave received its name, but that opening is now closed and a new opening has been made.

The cave is formed into numerous rooms. One is a reception room where all of the visitors leave their cards. Another is the Old Maids' Kitchen, and every spinster leaves a hairpin there. But of all the different divisions (there are at least a dozen) the Bridal Chamber seems the most delicate. Huge stalactites and stalagmites, formed so daintily that almost a touch breaks them, look like trees covered with hoar-frost. A small stalactite takes at least one hundred years to form, so the cave must have been in existence thousands of years ago.

At first, torches were used to light the cave, but now a complete electric lighting system has been installed, and the lights are so arranged as to show the wonderful formations to the very best advantage.

All through the cave there are strange and beautiful sights, but to tell of all of them would take too long—it is better to see them.

RUTH WATSON,  
Upper V. Form.

### A HORSE RACE.

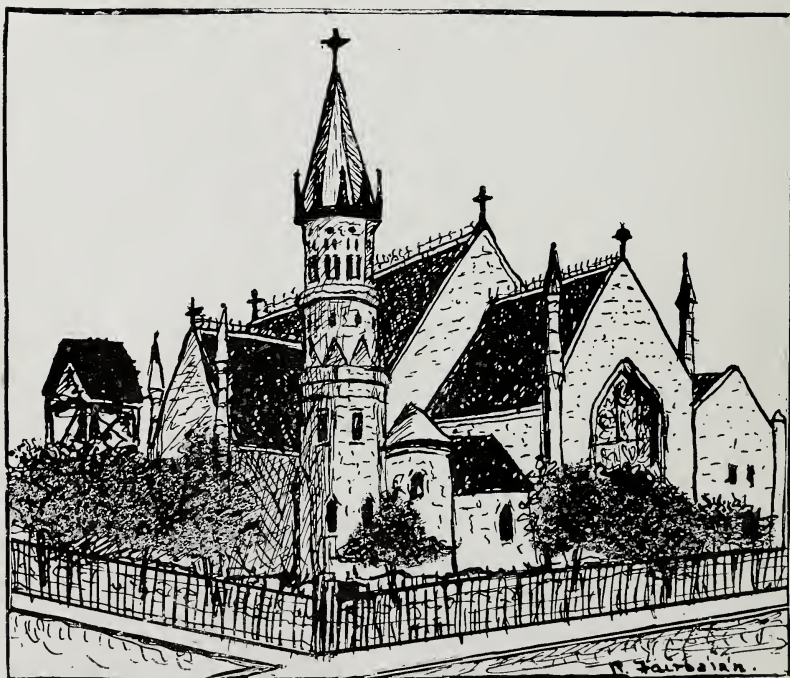
With open nostrils, short-cropped manes,  
And heads held high with stately grace,  
A moment's pause, with tight-held reins,  
A lowered flag—and then the race.

All forward dash with quickening stride,  
Each one attempts the rest to lead,  
Their strength is shown, endurance tried,  
Till one, the victor, does succeed.

RUTH WATSON,  
Form Upper V.

## HOLY TRINITY.

Amid the busy thoroughfares of Winnipeg stands one of the city's oldest churches, stately yet simple in its gothic architecture. Of plain grey stone, it points its turret heavenwards, a symbol of Christianity. Virginia creeper clings to its walls, covering them with soft green in summer and with ruddy sunset tints in autumn, and all through the year with an air of romance. Their cold bare stems and twining tendrils in winter lend to it a dead solemnity and lonely appearance. There it stands, a monument of the past, calm and beautiful, a vivid contrast to the modern steel-constructed buildings on all sides.



Robins and other birds twitter and sing in the branches of tall trees in the churchyard, or boldly hop on the walks, secure here from any molestation. It is indeed a world within a world.

Up in the old wooden turret hangs a bell, which has pealed many Christmas greetings, happy Easter tidings and sad weird music to the bustling, busy, unheeding city.

One enters the church through massive oaken doors with quaint carving and huge iron knockers and handles. Inside a

more modern air prevails, but not jarringly so. The high-backed pews are relics of other days, as are the great oak beams supporting the ceiling, each holding in the middle a golden cherub, which looks gently down on the worshippers. Six beautiful stained glass windows let in the light on each side. The old high choir stalls, with overhanging canopies, suggest those of an old world cathedral. The communion table is of oak, as is also the prayer desk. A handsome brass lectern holds a large Bible, a gift of one of the members. These all join together to create that air of mingled dignity and devotion that so pervades the whole church. And last, but not least, over all hangs the "Meteor Flag of England" and the Cross of St. George, the emblems of our Empire, whose ruler is Defender of the Faith.

For forty years this House of God has been blessed by the wise care of Archdeacon Fortin. Long may he be spared to guide its destinies!

RUTH FAIRBAIRN, Form Upper V.

### AND IT WAS NOT HAVERGAL.

I once, only once, was a hard working girl  
At a perfectly beautiful school;  
'Twas different from any that I'd ever seen,  
Why, there was no such thing as a rule.

If you didn't feel like it you didn't attend,  
And you never went there before noon;  
If by chance you got there at 11.45  
You got bad marks for coming too soon.

In school we would scarcely have opened our books  
When dear teacher would frequently say,  
"I'm really afraid you are tiring yourselves,  
That will be quite enough for to-day."

The girls who did home-work were promptly expelled,  
A sight of course not often seen;  
The prizes were given to those who did least,  
And the contest was frightfully keen.

There were prizes for talking the most in the class,  
And prizes for staying away;  
For forgetting your books, getting ink on your hands,  
Or otherwise getting too gay.

I had just carried off every prize in the school,  
And life seemed to me quite a joke,  
When sad to relate, came a rap on my door,  
And alack and alas, I AWOKE.

## THE HOLY FAMILY.

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

This picture has four important people in it. The man, Joseph, has long white hair, a short nose, and a very broad face; his appearance is noble and kind. He is of the Anglo-Saxon type, and not Jewish as the real Joseph was. He is sitting with his arms crossed and his head slightly bent, thinking of the work God had planned for him to do. His robe is dark red. The woman, Mary, who is half kneeling, is dressed in pink and blue. She is a slender English type of girl, graceful and sweet, with a kind and motherly expression. The two little boys, one representing Christ and the other John the Baptist, have the round limbs of babyhood. Our Lord is leaning by His Mother's side; and John the Baptist is standing by himself looking at Him. A cloak is girt round him by a belt of camel's hair, and in his hands he is holding a staff with a scroll twisted round it, on which these words are written: "Ecce Agnus Dei"—"Behold the Lamb of God." That tells us the difference between the two children. John does not lift his eyes to Christ, but looks down in a shy way; while Christ looks boldly forward at him. He seems to say, "You are he who shall go before me to prepare the way."

The dark brown colour of the trees, the grey stone wall and the green grass form a contrast with the blue sky; and in the far distance is a grey-blue mountain, and a small pool of water shimmers through the trees. The way in which the colours blend together is very beautiful, and the whole makes a charming picture to possess and to look at every hour of the day.

C. MORTLOCK,  
Lower V. Form.

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## THE DOUKHOBOR PILGRIMAGE.

About seven years ago the Doukhobors in Canada, led by Peter Veregin, went on a march to look for Christ. They gave up all their clothes and food, their cattle and crops to God.

They followed the Canadian Pacific Railway track in their line of march, and as at the time we were living only half a mile from the railroad, they made our house one of their stopping places. It was five o'clock in the evening when we saw a company of five hundred coming towards the house. The leader was dressed to represent Christ, and several others to represent the Apostles and the Virgin Mary. They refused to eat any animal food and were living on the buds of the trees. They tried to make every one give up their property to God, and they wanted to convince us that we had too much of every-



thing. They would eat dry bread but no butter, and they tried to make our maid understand that they did not want any butter on the bread that she was kind enough to get for them, by catechising hold of her arms. But she was so frightened at the crowd that had come into the house that she fled and left them. They finally went out of the house soon after seven o'clock, but they did not go far—they lay down for the night in the fields around. All night they lay and chanted hymns to most mournful melodies.

In the morning they moved on to the next town. On account of their scanty food and clothing, many of them were out of their minds, and these were tied to poles carried by two of the stronger men. They were such a crowd that, on arriving at a small town, they easily frightened the people, and as they said they received messages from Heaven to burn different towns the people readily consented to give them anything to save their homes.

The following day many passed by our house who had deserted the company, and were wending their way homewards. About a week later we heard that the police had captured them and put them on the train by force and had sent them back to their homes.

GLADYS KENSINGTON,  
Lower Form V.

### FORE-THOUGHTS.

I shall be glad when I start to school,  
To learn how to read, to write and to spell;  
I mean to keep to every rule,  
And always arrive on the stroke of the bell.

Not one bad mark will I get through the year,  
And returned lessons I will have none;  
To my teacher's voice I will listen, and hear  
The word of praise for good work done.

MARGARET BANFIELD,  
Shell Form.

### SAILING.

The most exciting sport in summer, to my mind, is sailing. It seems to give more pleasure than anything else, especially when the waves are high.

At our summer home in St. Lambert, about seven of us used to go for a sail up the St. Lawrence River every Saturday afternoon. We had a particular spot on the beach where we



always went for our picnics. The French farmers thought we were gipsies, and as soon as they caught sight of us used to lock their doors. I can quite understand their taking us for gipsies from the manner in which we prepared our supper and gathered around the camp fire. We very seldom went below the Victoria Bridge because the current is so swift there; and in another part of the river, too, we had to be very careful as there are three huge rocks, known as the Three Sisters. We looked upon them as enemies and tried to keep out of their way, for if we had happened to land on one we should have been utterly helpless. We did go below the bridge one day, and came to a place where it was pretty deep. Suddenly the boat began to spin round and round. I was holding the jib, and had all I could do to change the ropes quickly enough. We were just learning to sail the boat by ourselves, and my uncle had only just time to jump up and grab the tiller and the mainsail, and prevent her from capsizing. We were all rather frightened, for we were very nearly in the water.

The beauty of a sail-boat is that it will hold so many people; we have had as many as ten in ours. We are going to St. Lambert again this summer, and hope to spend many more such Saturdays.

MARION ROSEVEAR,

Shell Form.

### THE PLAINT OF THE DESK.

Wash me not because thou must  
 Eyeing me with sore disgust!  
 And smearing o'er my faithful face  
 A scratchy rag in hurried race  
     Thy meal to gulp;  
     'Twill lie like pulp  
 'Pon thy digestion and thy heart  
 That thou hast not fulfilled thy part  
     And left me clean.  
     All year I've been  
 Thy ally true in all thou'st done.  
 I've shielded thee more times than one;  
 Full oft I've borne thy heavy weight,  
 On other woes I'll not dilate,  
     Nor longer sigh,  
     But wipe my eye  
 And crave from thee this only boon  
 That ere thou leav'st on Friday noon,  
 My ink washed off, my charms enhanced,  
 Thou'lt scour me o'er the best thou canst.



### THE SCOTT BLOCK FIRE.

Several of us who were attending the dentist last term. had a very exciting experience. Dr. Curry's office was on the fourth floor of the Scott Block, and we were doing our homework while waiting for Dr. Curry. When somebody called out "Fire! Fire!" we jumped up from our seats, leaving our coats, hats and books behind, and rushed down the stairs. The smoke was already rising up from them. We arrived safely at the bottom and ran out at the door. Everybody was running to and fro, carrying out their ledgers and account books. We watched the fire from the outside.

The dentist got all his patients safely out before he thought of himself. Dr. Moffatt, the assistant dentist, went back to get some books, but by this time the stairs were a sheet of fire and his office was full of smoke. The dentist rushed to the window, but the wires prevented the firemen from getting the ladders to them. Dr. Moffatt, seeing no other way of escape, jumped into a life net and was picked up unconscious. Dr. Curry hung from the window sill with the fire bursting out of his office window. He hung there till the firemen, with much difficulty, rescued him by means of the ladder. His hair was singed and his hands burned.

The fire by this time was far beyond control. The firemen worked very hard at it for some hours, and at last it was extinguished, but not before the block had been practically destroyed.

DOLLY PEATT, Form IV.

### A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A FASHIONABLE LADY IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

May 31st. It was a horrible rainy day to-day. The thunder awoke me at a prodigious early hour; imagine being awake at nine o'clock in the morning! Could not go to sleep again, so I had my breakfast then instead of at 10.30. I stayed in bed till nearly noon, drinking chocolate. It was not very pleasant

lying awake in bed when I might have been asleep. My brother had better luck than I had and slept till the regular breakfast hour. At noon I got up and made my toilet. While I was dressing I read my Spectator for a while, and did a little embroidery—not that it will be any good, for I shall never finish it. I do think the fashion of dressing the hair so high is very becoming to me, and I must certainly buy some of the new patches in the shape of animals. I think they are most elegant. I put on my white satin with the cherry-coloured petticoat and ribbons and wore my new hood. It was then time to go to the ladies' coffee house, so I was taken there in my chair, and my brother went to his. I stayed there hoping that somebody would notice my new dress, but I was not fortunate. I am going to a big ball to-night, so I must leave at least three hours for dressing.

GRACE HINCH, Form IV.

### OVERHEARD IN MY GARDEN.

When I was walking in my garden one day, I heard a great whispering and scolding among the flowers. I stopped to listen and this is what I heard. [I discovered when I had listened awhile that they were quarrelling as to who should be chosen to be Queen of the Flowers.]

"I will be Queen," said a bright red Tulip proudly, "for I am Queen of the Tulips, so of course I shall be Queen of the Flowers."

"As for that," said a tall, white Lily, "I am Queen of the Lilies, but I could not be Queen of the Flowers, for there are among my family many who are not perfect or unselfish."

"It doesn't matter what we think," said a pure white Pansy, softly. "But I think the Rose will be chosen, for is she not the flower of England?"

"Well, what of that?" cried another Lily. "We are the flowers of France, and we have as much right to be Queen of the Flowers as the Rose—proud thing!" ended the Lily, with a sniff.

"The Thistle is the emblem of Scotland!" snapped a Snapdragon, crossly, "so that has nothing to do with it."

At this all the other flowers began to quarrel so loudly that I left them. But as I was curious to know which was chosen for Queen (it being my private opinion that it would be the Rose), I went back next day and heard the flowers speaking of it. I could hear nothing at first, for they were all talking at once, but at last I managed to hear this:

"Just fancy!" said one, "the Pansy being Queen of the Flowers!"

"I'm sure I don't see why," said a second.

“Only a common Pansy!” said the red Tulip scornfully; “only a common Pansy!” she repeated.

A Maple that stood near (and sometimes gave his opinions to the flowers, who always listened respectfully because the Maple was so old and wise) now said: “Do you know the ‘Common Pansy’s other name? It is Heartsease, and if you want to know why the ‘Common Pansy’ was chosen, think a minute. Who else spoke for another? Who else thought of the others’ good points? Even the Rose of England did not think it possible for anybody but herself to be chosen Queen. But Heartsease loved everyone, and expected anybody but herself to be Queen; she said herself, that if she were judge, she would not know whom to choose because everyone was so good. Do you really wonder she was chosen?” finished the Maple.

This long and decidedly unexpected speech set the flowers thinking and made the modest Pansy blush.

“You are right,” cried the Roses in chorus, after a minute.

“Yes! Yes!” cried the rest, and the Pansy blushed harder than before and turned almost pink.

I saw that not only had I missed part of the first argument, but that I had also made a mistake in thinking that the Rose should be chosen for Queen. Not liking to be taught morals by a Maple, I went into the house, feeling as if I had just heard a sermon on unselfishness and love.

After all, I think perhaps I had.

MURIEL ANDREWS, Form IV.

## JINGLES FROM THE JUNGLES AND ELSEWHERE.

The camel o’er the desert goes,  
Little he cares where the water flows;  
He is stupid and stubborn and not very nice,  
But how can he help it? His back is up twice.

R. P.

A Rhinoceros stood on the bank of a stream,  
And a horrible thing was he!  
With a horn on his nose and a very thin tail,  
And eyes you could hardly see!

R. P.

What a funny long-necked thing you are,  
Nearly as tall as the trees;  
With many spots like blotches of tar,  
Munching green leaves in the breeze.

D. S.

The Tiger has stripes on his back,  
And I think they are usually black.

He looks like a cat,

But what a large rat,

He would have to find for a snack.

M. A.

Form Upper III.

## THE CAPTAIN'S CANARY.

It is a well-known fact that seamen are very superstitious and often have pets and mascots on their boats. The captain of a boat I once crossed on told me the story of his pet canary, named Dick.

Every time the captain crossed the ocean he took the canary with him. The poor little canary was blind in one eye and the captain told me he always felt very guiltily about it because it was he who was responsible for its blindness.

The canary was very tame and the captain used to play with it. He would throw the canary away from him and it would fly back to him. Once the canary lost its balance and struck the wall and that was what blinded it.

It was very cold when the captain was in Halifax the last time, and he left the electric heater on in his room, so that Dick would not be cold, and went down to dinner.

Dick evidently was cold for he went down to the heater to warm himself. Somehow or other he got tangled up in the wires and could not get out. When the captain came up from dinner, he was dead.

The captain took poor Dick home with him and buried him in his garden.

His tombstone reads:

"Here lies poor Dick Deadeye."

MARGERY ANDREWS,

Upper III.

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## THE STORY OF MY LITTLE KITTENS.

I have eight little kittens. When I first saw them their eyes were not open. They were born on St. Patrick's Day. One of the kitten's eyes are both open and the rest have one eye open. One day they disappeared. The mother cat had taken them one by one behind the sewing trunk, and when my mother came she heard a squeaky voice. She looked behind the sewing trunk and there she saw them. One kitten is named Pat, one Patricia; I will tell you their names later. The mother cat is not cross. They have both their eyes open now and they are blue. And now I will tell you the rest of their names. They are Peter, Pettsy, Paddy, Pattsy, Patrick and Mike. The mother cat is very proud of her kittens and she likes people to look at them. When you put them in the basket, she carries them in the box again. They are all given away except two.

IRENE WILSON,

Lower III.



## THE UNION JACK.

The Union Jack stands for something more than the Union of England, Ireland and Scotland—it means the Union of Great Britain with all its overseas Dominions.

The red diagonal arms of the flag have a narrow white band on one side of them and a broad one on the other. The broad one should be to the top of the flag on the side nearest to the flag pole, that is the “hoist” of the flag, and towards the bottom of the flag in the loose end or as it is called the “fly.”

Everybody ought to know how to fly the Union Jack. Yet there are a great many people who do not know which is the right way up of the flag.

ALAN MOZLEY,  
Lower III.

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## SQUIRRELS.

We have 15 oak trees in our yard and the squirrels like the acorns. There is one fat one that comes every year. I call him Reddy. We can hear the squirrels on the roof in the morning. The squirrels store acorns for the winter. After we were through with our Christmas tree, we put bread on the branches and put the tree in the yard for the birds and squirrels, and they ate the bread all up.

ELIZABETH McQUEEN,  
Form II.

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## THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Once there was a little girl whose name was Margery. She lived in a lovely palace of marble and gold. One day she dreamt she was playing in the garden when she heard a little voice call, “Margery.” She looked about, but could see no one. Again she heard it. She looked up in a tree and there she saw a little fairy sitting. She was dressed in a beautiful silver dress with a lovely wand of silver, and it had a star at the end. She called Margery and told her that she was the Fairy Queen. She had come from fairyland to fetch her away because, she said, she had had every other little girl except her, so it was her turn. Margery went and had a lovely time in fairyland. Suddenly the Fairy Queen vanished and Margery found herself in her own little bed, with everyone trying to waken her up because she had slept so long.

KATHLEEN CORBETT,  
Form II.

### SUMMER.

Summer will soon be here. I will be very glad when it comes. I like to see the pretty flowers come out and the nice green grass come up. And then I go for a nice long walk with my Father and Mother in the parks.

HILDA WATSON,  
Form I.

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### MY DOLLY.

I have a big dolly whose name is Audrey. She has long brown hair. I braid it every night and comb it out each morning and get her ready for the day. And when I return from College I take her out for a walk and she goes to sleep in her carriage. She never cries.

VELVA PAPINEAU,  
Form I.

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### THE DREAMER.

I wonder why  
So cross to me the teacher seems,  
Whene'er I let the hours slip by  
In dreams.

This unseen world  
From sums and French me onward lures,  
I see the Moslems backward hurl'd  
At Tours.

To win their goal  
I watch th' heroic, toiling forms,  
Of child Crusaders onward roll  
Through storms.

I hear ashamed  
The Furies of the Guillotine  
Cackle their joy that Death has claimed  
Their Queen.

My wand'ring wits  
Next view him, over Europe sit,  
Whose victory at Austerlitz  
Killed Pitt.

I fear of late  
I've done nought well: with thoughts aloof  
I've won but blame, and yet I hate  
Reproof!

## Missionary News

The annual Bazaar which we hold in June in aid of Madeline Etenaishi, of the Hay River Mission, was so successful last year that we were able to double our contribution. This good result was largely due to the kindness of the friends who helped us, and we thank them very much.

When Bishop Stringer was passing through Winnipeg on his way to England in October, he was kind enough to find time to take Prayers for us one morning, and to tell us about his work in the Yukon District. He had seen Madeline too, and gave us a very good report of her Scripture paper.

After his visit, we began to think of our Christmas presents for the Hay River Mission. We could only send small gifts because of the difficulties of postage, but we found that handkerchiefs, neckties, hair ribbons and collars would easily go into envelopes with a letter. We have had most grateful letters from our little friends in reply, and some of them even enclosed bead work serviette rings of their own making. Below is a letter that Miriam Rowley received from one of the boys at the Mission: Dear Miriam,—

Many thanks for sending me a letter, and necktie and a handkerchief by last mail, they reached me in the New Year. I am not so little as you think I am, because you called me little friend in the letter. I am five feet four inches high and weigh 117 pounds. Yes, our winter began long ago, we skated in October when you were writing; I can skate well now.

There are seventeen boys in the school, five little boys, five middle-sized boys and seven big boys. We play shinny or hockey in the winter. I am going to draw you a picture of boys playing hockey, though I'm a poor artist.

In the summer we go bathing. Can you swim? The girls here don't go bathing. Last summer I learnt to swim; now I can swim more than three hundred yards.

We play football and other games in the summer. We boys build toy boats; last summer I built a boat and called it "Fire-Fly." I hope to make a schooner and I am going to call it "Miriam."

Do you like to see Boy Scouts marching? I have never seen a Boy Scout yet, but I have read a book all about them. I would like to become one of them, but I haven't got the uniform. I can camp out, both in winter and summer; I have shot ducks, rabbits, ptarmigan and ground hogs.

We have three cattle, a calf and a horse, the horse's name is Slim. I have rode him many times. I work at the stable

this month. The cattle's names are Bill, Jerry, Star, and Dolly the calf.

We have dogs here to pull the sleighs to the nets on the lake, and we look at the nets often and get lots of fish.

Do you love reading books? I do! I love to read books of adventure, such as True Blue, The Coral Island, The Young Fur Traders and Peter the Whaler. I have three books of my own and have read them. I hope you will receive this letter and will answer it as soon as you. With best wishes to you. Good-bye.

I remain, your sincere friend,

ANDREW CAMPBELL.

Before Christmas the Rev. and Mrs. Cavalier, home on furlough from their missionary work in India, stayed in Havergal for a week. Mrs. Cavalier talked to us at Prayers one day about the girls and women of India, and we learnt a good deal about India at other times during their stay with us.

In February we were fortunate in having an address from another Missionary working in India, Dr. Archer. By his stories of the good that doctors can do for the people of India, and of the love and gratitude that the patients feel towards them, he made us feel that Medical Missionaries can do more than any others, perhaps, to spread Christianity.

Here at Havergal we are helping to support a little girl in India through the Zenana Mission Guild. This Guild holds its meetings in the Library at 7.30 every Monday evening, and can again report a good year's work. Before Christmas we were hard at work making things for the December Bazaar, which was a great success; we also dressed dolls to send to India. At present we are planning and preparing for a Tea in the near future, which we hope will be as successful as the Bazaar.

Most of the boarders belong to the Guild, but we should like to see them all join, and our numbers increased from the Day School too. The fee is only 25c a term, the meetings, which are arranged by Miss McDonald, are very enjoyable, and through the Guild we are doing something to help forward the cause of Missions.

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From her dentist's out rushed Dolly Peatt,  
Driven forth by the fire's awful heat;  
Post haste to the store,  
Home-work books to buy more.  
For diligence can you this beat?

# School Entertainments

## THE MASQUERADE.

On the last day of October, 1913, at 8 o'clock in the evening, all the mistresses and girls came down for the fun and dances of the Masquerade, which was to take place in the Assembly Hall. They gathered in the darkened room in many different costumes. There were ladies of the eighteenth century mingling with Red Indians, and sailor girls and boys; there were clowns, Eastern beauties and Quaker girls. The Three Musketeers were to be seen chatting with milkmaids and shepherdesses, and for once a pirate and a judge met for friendly conversation. The whole scene was a medley of different characters, colours and costumes, and many of the wearers, who had manufactured their own dresses, were highly complimented.

Miss Jones, as Di Vernon, with Cecily Mortlock in a fearsome mask, for partner, headed the Grand March. We paraded round the house, up the back stairs, round dark corners, through the studio, guided only by one candle, for all the other lights were turned out. After the march was over we returned to the Assembly Hall, where dancing began, led off by Miss Jones.

While we were dancing, the staff adjudged the prizes, and after we had had supper Miss Jones announced the results. The Staff Prize was awarded to Miss Stephenson, who looked very charming in a Harem costume; Thelma Duncan, attired as a shepherdess, won the prize for the prettiest costume; and Alice McBride, who was unrecognisable as a Zulu Chief, received the prize for the funniest costume.

After singing Auld Lang Syne and God Save the King, and thanking Miss Jones for the very pleasant evening we had spent, we retired to bed to dream of witches and pumpkins!

A. McBRIDE.

## FORM I. XMAS PARTY.

One day just before Xmas we thought we would give a party and each ask a friend. It took us a long time to write the invitations, but at last the notes to Miss Wakely, Form II., and other friends were sent off; and then how pleased we were to get their answers. At last the day came. We met our guests in the Assembly Hall, and when all were here we took them to the Library to have tea. The little tables looked so pretty decorated with Xmas favours and crackers, and dainty Xmas place cards showed us where to sit, each by the friend we had invited. The nice sandwiches, cake, fruit, biscuits and candy soon were gone, and then off we went to the Hall to play games.



"Fair Rosie," "London Bridge is Falling Down," "Hunt the Slipper" and many other games, of which "The Muffin Man" was the favourite, were played till it began to grow dark. Miss Holditch and Miss Wakely then lit the candles on the Xmas tree, which did look so pretty in the dark room. We danced round it till the candles began to get low and then to our great surprise found that there were gifts for each of us on it, as well as the handkerchief cases we had made for our Mothers. We were pleased. Such a pulling of crackers and such excitement and noise, and then "Good-bye and thank you," and our long looked-for party was over.

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### KINDERGARTEN.

On Thursday, December 18th, we were invited by the Kindergarten to be present at the annual Christmas party, held in the Assembly Hall. Children's entertainments are usually very attractive, and this one was no exception to the rule.

A giant Christmas tree, prettily decorated and laden with enticing parcels, reigned supreme in the middle of the platform. But before the lighting up of the tree we were to see many interesting games and to enjoy some songs from the children. The flag drill was very pretty and was well done, and we all, including the performers, enjoyed it and also the musical games which followed. Songs, which were clearly sung, succeeded the games, and after that came the giving away of the presents from the tree. The children had each made two useful pretty gifts for their parents, and these they were allowed to distribute themselves. They each, in their turn, received Christmas crackers and candy.

Miss Gulston is to be heartily congratulated on the success of the afternoon.

G. M. S.

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### FORM PARTIES.

Form Parties loom large on the horizon as soon as we are back from the Christmas holidays, and they certainly form one of the chief interests and excitements of the Spring term. If the opinions of guests who are leaving a party are of any value, each one this year appeared to be the nicest that ever was. A great deal of ingenuity and originality was displayed by all the Forms; and the entertainments were very diverse in character; but all were alike in that the members of the Form, and their mistresses, spared no time and trouble to make the evening as enjoyable as possible for their guests.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the parents who so generously provide their daugh-

ters with sandwiches and most beautiful cakes for these annual Form celebrations.

Form IV. had the pleasure of opening the "Party Season" on February 6th, and, to prevent expectations from running too high, called it a "Plain Party," carrying out the idea in the poster, the programmes and the entertainment. First there were competitions; curious mixtures had to be tasted and the ingredients guessed; there were jars whose contents had to be discovered by smell; pictures from Nursery Rhymes and Fairy Tales required titles, and finally, a row of "Hidden Beauties," sitting under sheets, with paper bags on their heads, had to be identified by their eyes. After the competitions every one joined in games and played Blind Man's Buff and Musical Arms with evident pleasure. Refreshments were served, prizes for the competitions given, and after a few dances the party ended with "Auld Lang Syne."

Form Upper III. chose the Eve of St. Valentine's Day for its party night, and made very clever use of the associations of the day. It has been celebrated in rhyme by a member of the Form itself:—

The Upper Third Form gave a party,  
It was on St. Valentine's Eve;  
The guests had all a welcome most hearty,  
For they everywhere hearts could perceive.

The various games were exciting,  
"Musical Hearts" was gay;  
Some found shooting inviting,  
While others "Old Maid" did play.

Refreshments next came on the program,  
Of them we did gladly partake,  
A sandwich, jam, lettuce or plain ham,  
With ginger ale, candy or cake.

After the prizes were given,  
All the good-byes were said,  
The day girls homeward were driven,  
While boarders went sadly to bed.

MARY McQUEEN.

A most enjoyable evening was spent on February 27th, when the Lower Fifth Form entertained us at a "Pink Party." The decorations were prettily carried out in pink, and the hostesses wore pink ribbons and pink roses. The evening was opened with "Musical Arms"; then followed a "Ball and Spoon" race in which Tina Lyall was the victor, though hard pressed by Miss Gulston. Then came a mirth-provoking game called "Pretty

Pussy." Among the wails of these human cats, that of Miss Chambers was most touching. After this we were asked to guess the hidden names of famous men and women of the British Empire; Krafchenko seemed the best known! In this game Margaret Banfield carried off the prize. Dancing followed excellent refreshments and concluded a most entertaining evening.

The Shell Form on March 13th introduced a new kind of party—a "Bloomer Party." The reason for the costume was quite plain from the moment the party began, and the guests found themselves undergoing a blindfold-obstacle-chariot race. An arithmetic race proved trying to the Staff, but their persistence aroused admiration, and it was afterwards discovered that the numbers had been mixed! The three-legged race which followed was a much simpler matter, but the wheel-barrow race required some courage. After this welcome refreshments were served, and then began a very jolly game of hide-and-seek, all over the house, in the dark. The breathless guests were then glad to sit down to a musical story competition, and when that was over it was time to go home.

On March 20th the Lower III. had its party, and Sara McBean has described it for us:—

Once we had a form party. We played steeplechase and ping-pong. We played that for a long time, and then we had refreshments. We had cakes and sandwiches and other nice things. Then we had country dances, and after that we went home.

And all the guests had enjoyed themselves very much!

On March 31st Forms I. and II. gave us great pleasure by bringing back to life our old friends from the Nursery Rhymes in their play, "Princess Tiny Tot." Elizabeth McQueen was Princess Tiny Tot, and Muriel Curry her fairy godmother. It was her seventh birthday, and her godmother offered to give Tiny Tot anything she asked for. Major Domo, whose business it was to make up the Princess's mind, asked that the folks in the book of Nursery Rhymes, an aunt had given her, might be brought there "all alive." This Mother Red Cap did, and the result was that the Princess received a visit from Four and twenty Blackbirds, Little Boy Blue, Little Jack Horner, Little Bo-Peep, Humpty Dumpty, Little Maid Pretty Maid, Red Riding Hood, Little Miss Muffett and many others. The Princess entertained her little visitors with dances and games till Mother Red Cap's broom arrived, and she was compelled to hustle her little people away to Fairyland.

On April 3rd, the Upper V. Form presented their most amusing "High Class Variety Entertainment," under the very able management of Miss Springate. Three Phenomenal Brothers—a strong man (H. Hadley), a ventriloquist (T. Lyall), and a conjuror (J. Bell) opened the entertainment with a convincing

display of their powers. Then we were delighted with the gambols of "Flossie—the Elusive Elephant," and marvelled at her wonderful intelligence.

Two sketches from Dickens followed: "Mrs. Nickleby discovers an Admirer" (Mrs. Nickleby, A. Woodman; Kate, L. Agnew; Mad Gentleman, J. Anderson; Keeper, R. Watson), and "The Falling Out of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig" (Sairey, E. Todd; Betsy, M. Watson). Both were well acted, and afforded the audience much enjoyment. But the "turn" which brought down the house was the performance of "Johnny Schmoker," by Herr Ludwig's Meyerstein's trained German Band. This very original programme concluded with a graceful gavotte danced by Mlles. Lyall and Snowden and M. M. Bell and Sweeny. When refreshments had been served a few dances followed, and so ended a most enjoyable evening.

### THE GYMNASTIC DISPLAY.

On the evening of March 3rd many guests assembled in the Hall to see the annual Gymnastic Display. As the last visitors



CUP WINNERS

took their places Miss Norrington's whistle was heard and the long line of girls, headed by little Beatrice Boyd, and carefully arranged in order of height, filed into the Hall.

The Grand March was accomplished in perfect style and



was followed by action songs and games by the youngest children. After a more advanced display of mass drilling by the older girls, much interest was aroused over some games and races. A "Bean Bag Race" created wild excitement among both performers and spectators, as also did a "Clothes Peg Race" and the game of "Changing Fours." Nellie Snowden, Rosalie Britain and others showed their ability in climbing ropes, and in the high jump Marian Sweeny cleared the height of four feet. An exhibition of fencing was given by Kathlyn Hinton and Florence Carey, and solo dances were done by June Suckling and Nellie Snowden.

But perhaps the prettiest feature of the evening was a series of Morris Dances and Folk Dances given by some of the girls in the quaint Old English costumes. I think every one present must have regretted the disappearance of these old-fashioned dances when they saw the charms of Strawberry Fair and Country Gardens.

Before the dancing was over Alix McBride presented Miss Norrington with a beautiful bouquet of roses and this gave the audience an opportunity of expressing their great appreciation of the admirable training which had produced such excellent results.

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### THE TRAGEDY.

"Who spilled the ink?"  
"I," said the student,  
Though not at all prudent,  
"I spilled the ink."

"Who'll clean the mess?"  
"I," said the drudge,  
"Though the time I begrudge,  
I'll clean the mess."

"Who'll hush it up?"  
From the President, "I"  
Came the instant reply,  
"I'll hush it up."

So the girls as a whole,  
The poor student have saved,  
But we hope that in future  
She'll be better behaved.

J. B., Upper V.





The results of the Royal Drawing Society's examinations arrived in October of last year and showed a very fair standard of work had been reached. No drawings have been sent up to the exhibition in London as the art work has been carried out on rather different lines. We are hoping that now that the warm weather is returning we shall be able to have a sketching class in the woods and parks around Winnipeg, and soon we are hoping to do more ambitious things with the design work in the school.

One proof of the gradual increase and appreciation of Art in this city is the fact that the collections of pictures which from time to time are brought to the Industrial Bureau meet with more and more success and popularity. The last set of pictures were most interesting and I think several have been procured as the nucleus of a permanent collection in the city.

The School too has been enriched by the addition of several pictures. Lady Jane Lindsay presented the school with eight reproductions of her own beautiful illustrations to John Inglesant. These have been framed and now form a valuable part of the school collection. Some of these pictures are etchings, others are wash drawings, and all are most valuable from both the artistic and the historical points of view.

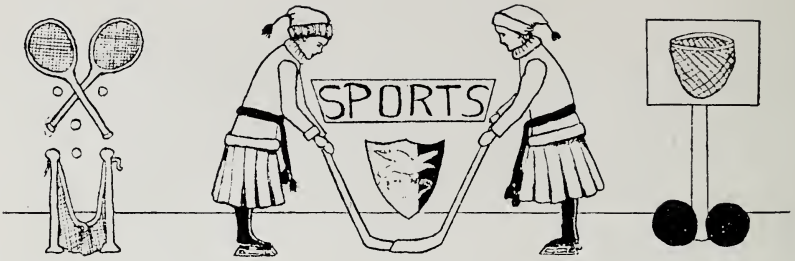
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There once was an elephant Flossy,  
Whose airs were exceedingly saucy,  
    Teenie and Jean  
    Were the inner machine,  
Of this wonderful elephant Flossy.

L. A.

An egg is a thing to despise,  
Keep away from the spot where it lies,  
    Matric. II. had one,  
    And the school has begun  
To know how to find eggs without eyes.

C. L.



### BASKET-BALL.

Basket-ball has been very much alive this winter and several good teams have been formed. On the whole, a marked advance is shown in combination, the teams playing with the head much more than formerly, but even yet the science of the game needs to be practised. For example, in the senior team a criss-cross formation for passing proved very effective in several games, but when the opponents had solved the difficulties of this it was not changed for a more complicated system, and through this lack, in the later matches, proved almost valueless. In baseball, the pitcher varies his every ball, as does the bowler at cricket, and several times during a match the tactics of a team should be changed as soon as the guards circumvent them. A very bad habit of leaving one's opponent and rushing up to the basket on the off chance of getting the ball if the thrower missed, was apparent on one or two occasions, and cannot be too thoroughly condemned; it is playing entirely into one's opponents' hands by giving her a clear shot at the basket.

Finally, it is a good team that can rally when the goals begin to mount up against it, and the only way to do this is to keep a little reserve force for the second half, and also not to charge oneself with the responsibility of the whole game, and to embark on a frantic attempt to do everybody else's work save one's own. In such a case, when a team needs to rally to win the match, let each girl redouble her energies in her own particular part of the game, and above all guard your own especial girl like a lynx, so as to limit the opponents' score even if your own side does not score again. This defensive part of the game is often omitted and too much importance cannot be given to it. The Boarders are champions for 1914.

### Matches.

On June 4th, 1913, **Past v. Present**, 13-12. This was a very enjoyable game and we were delighted to do battle against the "Old Girls" led by Audrey Fisher. At half time it looked as though the Present were to be winners as the score was 10-5

in their favour. However, during the second half the "Past" succeeded in breaking down the defence, and the game ended in a win for the "Past" by 13 goals to 12. The line-up was as follows:—

Present.		Past.
Marian Sweeny	Forwards	Marjorie Martin
Jean Bell		Natalie Hartshorn
Elsie Scrimes	Centres	Irene Cavanagh
Mary Watson		Dorothy Martin
Antoinette Sapte		Bettie Machaffie
Valerie de Bury	Guards	Elsie Patton
Thelma Duncan		Audrey Fisher

June 10th, **Past v. Present**, 16-12.

September 23rd, **Present v. Past**, 12-7. Evidently refreshed by the long vacation the "Present" team beat the "Past" by a good margin. Line up:—



Present.		Past.
Marian Sweeny	Forwards	Beatrice Baker
Jean Bell		Irene Cavanagh
Mary Watson	Centres	Doris Baker
Josephine Anderson		Emma Tupper
Margaret O'Kelly		Betty Machaffie
Laura Agnew	Guards	Marjorie Martin
Thelma Duncan		Audrey Fisher

Oct. 7th, **Past v.. Present**, 40-8. This game was what might justly be termed a "walk-over" on the part of the "Past." It is true that a substitute was playing instead of Thelma Duncan,

but good player as she is, I doubt if even her presence would have stayed the victorious onrush of the "Past." Afterwards the two teams united amicably over tea and cake and discussed the victory.

Oct. 10th, **Past v. Present**, 18-10.

Oct. 21st, **Present v. Intermediates**, 27-3. Encouraged by the victories of the "Old Girls," Florence Carey brought over a team of more recent Havergalians. Though these girls played a very plucky game, yet they were defeated by superior combination of the Present Havergal team. Line up: —

Present.		Intermediates.
Marian Sweeny	Forwards	Florence Carey
Jean Bell		Kathlyn Hinton
Mary Watson	Centres	Marian Bell
Christina Lyall		Irma Martin
Thelma Duncan	Guards	Grace McGaw
Laura Agnew		Norma Boynton

Oct. 24th. As the Day Girls' team was so much stronger than the Boarders' contingent, owing in a great measure to their having greater numbers from which to choose, it was decided to divide all players into two teams called "A" and "B," and captained by Marian Sweeny and Thelma Duncan respectively. The first match ended in a victory for the "A" team by 18 goals to 9.

Nov. 4, **"A" Team v. "B" Team**, 16-7.

## INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKET-BALL.

We were very glad to join this league and thoroughly enjoyed the games. Havergal was represented by the following team, who very ably kept our flag flying. We must commend these girls for their good combination and loyal play in several matches besides those that they won, and no doubt the experience of playing teams heavier than themselves will be valuable to them in playing the same league next year. Havergal Senior Team:—

Thelma Duncan (captain)	Guards	Laura Agnew
Mary Watson	Centres	Josephine Anderson
Jean Bell	Forwards	Marian Sweeny
Mildred Thompson	Substitutes	Nellie Snowden

Jan. 26th, 1914, **Havergal v. Kelvin**, 11-1.

Feb. 2nd, **Havergal v. St. John's College**, 29-4.

Marian Sweeny and Jean Bell gave us some spectacular throwing in, while the other girls all worked well in their respective places.

Feb. 5th, **Havergal v. St. John's College**, 31-9. This match was played away, but when our girls got used to the hall they began to enjoy themselves.



Feb. 9th, **United Colleges v. Havergal**, 36-7. Our first defeat and a very thorough one. Our girls never got over the awkward local conditions of the hall, and did not play with either spirit or confidence.

Feb. 12th, **Kelvin v. Havergal**, 16-14. Although a defeat, this game was so well contested that it proved a most enjoyable one, the winning goal was shot just on the whistle for time.

Feb. 16th, **St. John's Technical v. Havergal**, lost.

Feb. 23rd, **St. John's Technical v. Havergal**, lost.

Feb. 26th, **United Colleges v. Havergal**, 15-14. This was the most exciting match of the series, and the Havergal team, though defeated by the narrow margin of one goal, played very well indeed, keeping up a strong defence and a persistent attack till the whistle blew, and that against a much heavier team.

We had the pleasure of entertaining our visitors after the match, and discussed the match over a friendly cup of tea, and commiserated over the wounded.

“For things like this you know must be  
After a famous victory.”

### DAY GIRLS v. BOARDERS.

Three matches were played between these teams and it was agreed that the losers provide an evening entertainment for the winners. The matches were won as follows:—

Tuesday, March 17th, **Day Girls v. Boarders**, 12-6.

Friday, March 20th, **Boarders v. Day Girls**, 4-3.

Friday, March 27th, **Boarders v. Day Girls**, 16-9.

Bravo Boarders! Dorothy McDougall performed prodigious feats of “throking in,” ably assisted by Jessie Wilson. Helen Lethbridge and Nellie Snowden defended well.

### BOARDERS' BASKET-BALL.

The Boarders formed themselves into the following teams and spent the morning walk time in several energetic games:—

Kewpies.

Nellie Snowden (capt.)  
Mildred Jefferys  
Helen Lethbridge  
Vera Underwood  
Jennie White  
Rita Hamilton

Bears.

Edna Leckie (capt.)  
Marjorie Fraser  
Embree McBride  
Nora Bates  
Annie Yonge  
Priscilla McBride



Cubs.

Dorothy McDougall (capt.)  
Margaret O'Kelly  
Gertrude Bowman  
Betty Fraser  
Jolly Fraser  
Cecily Mortlock

Stars.

Thelma Duncan (capt.)  
Gladys Mutch  
June Suckling  
Jessie Wilson  
Frances Wilson  
Mamie Smith

The games were won as follows:—

	Played	Won	Lost
Kewpies .....	9	7	2
Bears .....	6	3	3
Cubs .....	7	3	4
Stars .....	8	2	6



FOUR CAPTAINS

## THE BOARDERS' TEAMS

The heroine of this group is  
The Captain of the KEWPIES,  
That stalwart and victorious little band;  
To their leader's voice attending,  
And on her advice depending,  
They carried out the victories she planned.

And in this strife for glory,  
Which was grim and sometimes gory,  
And all the teams were struggling for first place;  
Under their Captain Teddy,  
The BEARS were good and steady,  
And justly came out second in the race.

Not very far behind them,  
 Though the third place is assigned them,  
 Came the CUBS, who proved themselves a worthy foe,  
 They had feared from the beginning,  
 There was little chance of winning,  
 But they played up, and they made a gallant show.

But I must end my ditty,  
 Upon a note of pity,  
 For the STARS who fell in such a sorry plight;  
 Were their aims too high and mighty?  
 Or their minds too gay and flighty?  
 They shine still, but with sadly 'minished light.  
 "PENCIL."

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### INTER-FORM BASKET-BALL.

- |          |          |   |
|----------|----------|---|
| Friday,  | April 24 | Form IV. v. Upper III., 10-4.<br>Shell v. Lower V., 12-3.           |
| Tuesday, | April 28 | Shell v. Lower V., 12-3.<br>Upper V. v. Matriculation, 14-5.        |
| Friday,  | May 1    | Form IV. v. Upper III., 9-3.<br>Shell v. Lower V., 12-3.            |
| Tuesday, | May 5    | Upper V. v. Matriculation, 11-4.<br>Form IV. v. Upper III., 18-2. c |
| Friday,  | May 8    | Shell v. Form IV., 20-5.<br>Upper V. v. Shell, 15-12.               |
| Tuesday, | May 12   | School Championship.  |

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### CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES

May 15th—Boarders v. Day Girls, 7-6.

May 19th—Day Girls v. Boarders, 12-11.

In this match Jane Suckling substituted for Mary Wilson, who dislocated her thumb.

May 26th—Boarders v. Day Girls, 14-6.

The Boarders played a splendid combination game, Dorothy McDougall and Jessie Wilson playing well together, while Helen Lethbridge and Thelma Duncan made formidable guards. The centre was upheld by Mamie Smith and Nellie Snowden. The Day Girls' team was unfortunate by short three players whose places were well taken by Christine Lyall, Ruth McMartin and Margaret Banfield.

### Notes on the Form Teams.

**Matriculation.** Has developed several good players since taking a more active interest in the game.

**Upper V.** Has been the mainstay of school basket-ball all the year. Deservedly the champions. Bravo, Upper V.!

**Lower V.** A weak team, but one which has played its games very pluckily.

**Shell.** A very promising form that has developed several good players.

**Form IV.** As yet very unformed though several girls show considerable promise.

**Upper III.** These beginners have been very plucky, playing with enthusiasm and energy. They will find these games, though defeats, very useful next year.

### Notes on the Senior Team.

Thelma Duncan, very loyal player, throws well and seldom wildly. Captains the team with judgment. Laura Agnew, a good guard. Mary Watson, style much improved; very energetic and "on-the-spot," the mainstay of the centre.

Josephine Anderson, a player rather new to the game, but seldom misses the ball and throws to good effect. Must guard against a tendency towards roughness. Jean Bell, very good shot and quick to think. Marian Sweeny, an untiring player, good shot, and keen throughout the game.

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### SNOWSHOEING AND SKATING.

Owing to the unpropitious weather neither sport has been indulged in to its usual extent. The rink was spasmodically appreciated by the boarders, who might have made more of their opportunities to skate.

On Jan. 31st, Mr. Roland Taylor very kindly entertained several of the boarders to a tobogganning party at the Canoe Club. After a very jolly afternoon they partook of a delicious tea within the Club, and departed, tendering a hearty vote of thanks to their kind host.

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### STAFF NEWS.

Good wishes to Miss Evans, whose marriage to Mr. Graeme Stewart, of New York, will take place this summer.

Mrs. Newton is now making an extended visit in Ireland. We are pleased to hear that her little daughter is a bonny baby.

We were delighted to see Mrs. McNiven in March, when

she spent a day here on her way to rejoin her husband at Moose Jaw.

Good wishes to Miss Jackson, who is shortly to be married to Mr. Watson Porter. She will reside in London, Ontario.

Miss Hildred is spending this summer, studying, in Germany.

Miss Morrison visited us last summer. She was married to Mr. Owen, of Victoria, on New Year's Day in Toronto, and is making her home in Victoria.

We are sorry to lose Miss Norrington, who is leaving us in June to be married to Mr. Blackie, of Glasgow, Scotland. She takes with her our very best wishes for her happiness in the future. As she is making her home in Winnipeg we hope to see her often.

Miss Chisholm left us last June, to be married to Dr. Gillen. Her home is in Winnipeg and we often have the pleasure of seeing her.

We were delighted to have Miss Perry with us in June and September. We enjoy her pleasant letters. In one, she tells of a meeting of old Havergal staff at Mrs. McIntyre's, when Miss Morrison, Miss Church, Miss Carrier and herself were all present.

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### OLD GIRLS' COLUMN.

Best wishes to Ruby Henderson, who is engaged to Mr. Priestman, of Winnipeg.

Mollie Clarke passed through Winnipeg early in May, after an extended trip abroad.

Ainslee Dagg and Margaret Taylor, also Katie Martin, are taking a course of training at the General Hospital. Ruth Monk will enter in June.

Stella Boyd received warm congratulations on her most successful concert in February.

Pearl Pieper has spent the winter in town and has made frequent visits to the College for music lessons.

Maisie Longbottom spent a week in Winnipeg in May. She was a welcome visitor at the College.

Norma Stokes spent the winter in Europe.

Jessie Jardine spent the year visiting friends in Great Britain.

Best wishes to Mrs. E. H. Cox (nee Gladys Alsip), who was married in September.

Helen Grey is now at school in Wimbledon, London, England.

Edna Henderson passed thro' Winnipeg on her way to convocation. She reports that Adeline's health is much better.

We are very glad not quite to have lost sight of Flora Steele, Kathlyn Hinton, Marion Bell and Florence Carey. They will always be welcome.

Edith Hartshorn is another of the old girls who is soon to be married.

Elsie Scrimes is now at school at Whitby.

Marjorie Shaw has left school in Toronto and has gone to live in Le Pas.

Barbara Lemon has made her debut in Victoria.

Dorothy Andrews is leaving for home in September, after having studied music for two years in London.

Congratulations and good wishes to Kathleen Adams, Irene Tuckwell, Kathleen O'Grady, on their marriage during the year.

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### UPPER FIFTH ALPHABET.

**A** is for Amy, vice-president firm,

**B** is for Beatrice, a new girl this term,

Also for Bunny, our President tall,

**C** is our class room, the pride of us all,

**D** is for drill in which we excel,

**E** is for Evelyn, and Edith as well,

**F** is for Franceses, one tall and one short,

**G** is for Gertrude, who's a pretty good sort,

**H** is for Helen, who has a strong will,

**I** is for ink, which we frequently spill,

**J** is for Josephine, and also for Jean,

**K** is for Kathleen and Katherine so lean,

**L** is for lessons in which we delight,

We get few returns which shows we are bright,

**M** is for Marian, whose work is no neat.

Also for Marjory, who won't stay in her seat,

Also for Mary, who bad marks does get,

As well as for Marion, the quietest yet,

And for Margaret, who kept the band up to time,

**N** is for Nellie, a dancer sublime,

**O** is the order we keep with a will,

**P** is the Pots that with plants we do fill,

**Q** is for questions which all like to ask,

**R** is for Ruth, who ne'er shirks a hard task,

**S** is for stillness, so strange to us all,

**T** is for Teenie, and Thelma so tall.

And also for Teachers who really are nice.

Despite their insistence we keep quiet as mice,

**U** is the usefulness we all possess,

**V**'s THEIR vexation when rules we transgress.

**W**'s the good women we all hope to be,

**X**, unknown quantity, in us apathy,

**Y** is for youth which this rhyme must excuse,

**Z** is the end: so to you our adieus.

J. B. & C. L.



# HAVERGAL DIRECTORY

Miss Jones, 140 East Dulwich Grove, Dulwich, Eng.

- Miss Chambers, 41 Adair House, Oakley St., Chelsea, London, Eng.  
 " Crampton, 426 River Ave.  
 " Foster, Havergal College.  
 " Goodman, 397 River Ave.  
 " Gulston, Havergal College.  
 " Harding, 625 20th St., Brandon, Man.  
 " Holditch, Boissevain, Man.  
 " Lamond, Oak Lake, Man.  
 Mrs. Jones-Brewer, Suite 8, Moxham Ct.  
 Miss Kershaw, 278 Colony St.  
 " Leitch, 941 Macmillan Ave.  
 " MacDonald, 259 Nassau St.  
 " A. Norrington, Havergal College.  
 " M. E. Norrington, Havergal College.  
 " Shewell, 5 Turner St., Redcar, Eng.  
 " E. Snyder, Suite 6, Osborne River Apts.  
 " Springate, Suite 23, Strathmore Apts.  
 " Stephenson, Suite 14, Albermarle.

## BOARDERS—

- Bates, Nora, Kénora, Ontario.  
 Blight, Fanny, 24 Rosser Ave., Brandon.  
 Bowman, Gertrude, 209 Walnut St., Winnipeg.  
 Duncan, Thelma, 2074 Cornwall St., Regina.  
 Fraser, Betty, Brandon, Man.  
 Fraser, Jolly, Brandon, Man.  
 Fraser, Marjorie, Brandon, Man.  
 Hadley, Helen, Palace Hotel, Brandon.  
 Hamilton, Rita, Norwood Hotel, Norwood, Man.  
 Hayes, Iris, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.  
 Jeffrey, Mildred, Portage la Prairie.  
 Kensington, Gladys, Breckenbury, Sask.  
 Leckie, Edna, 1787 Haro St., Vancouver.  
 Lethbridge, Helen, Lethbridge, Alberta.  
 McBride, Alix, Suite 7, Kensington Blk., Winnipeg.  
 McBride, Embree, Suite 7, Kensington Blk., Winnipeg.  
 McBride, Priscilla, Suite 7, Kensington Blk., Winnipeg.  
 McDougall, Dorothy, Havergal College, Winnipeg.  
 Mortlock, Cecily, Dominion City, Man.  
 Mutch, Gladys, Crystal City, Man.  
 O'Kelly, Margaret, Royal Alexandra, Winnipeg.  
 Smith, Mamie, Souris, Man.  
 Snowden, Nellie, Elm Park, Winnipeg.  
 Underwood, Vera, Weyburn, Sask.  
 White, Jenny, 190 Eugénie St., Norwood.  
 Wilson, Frances, 545 Broadway, Winnipeg.  
 Wilson, Irene, 802 Main St., Winnipeg.  
 Wilson, Jessie, Binscarth, Man.  
 Younge, Annie, Virden, Man.

## DAY PUPILS—

- Agnew, Bessie, 409 Wardlow Ave.  
 Agnew, Janet, 409 Wardlow Ave.  
 Agnew, Laura, 1117 Gerard St.  
 Aikins, Marjorie, 88 Maryland St.  
 Anderson, Josephine, 296 Yale Ave.  
 Andrew, Clifford, 31 Carlton St.  
 Andrews, Muriel, 95 Academy Road.  
 Ardagh, Kathleen, 6 Ivan Ct., River Ave.  
 Armytage, Kathleen, 14 Ruskin Row.  
 Banfield, Margaret, 387 River Ave.  
 Barrow, Evelyn, 507 River Ave.  
 Bartram, Olive, 379 Broadway.  
 Bathgate, Mary, 34 Carlton St.  
 Bell, Airdrie, 121 Carlton St.  
 Bell, Jean, 288 Yale Ave.  
 Bennetto, Marjorie, Oakdale Place, St. James.  
 Billings, Frances, 597 Wardlow Ave.  
 Billings, Nan, 597 Wardlow Ave.  
 Binns, Margaret, 501 River Ave.  
 Blackwood, Hermione, 266 Harvard Ave.  
 Blowers, Ruth, 61 Dufferin Ave., Norwood.  
 Boulton, Lillian, Assiniboine Ave., Kar-nack P.O., St. James.  
 Boyd, Beatrice, 11 Edmonton St.  
 Boyd, Valetta, 11 Edmonton St.  
 Briggs, Marjorie, 273 Cathedral Ave.  
 Brittain, Rosalie, 995 Grosvenor Ave.  
 Brockwell, Dorothy, Suite 24, Panama Ct.  
 Brown, Dorothy, 18 Conway St.  
 Bryant, Ruby, 379 Broadway.  
 Byers, Constance, 759 Jessie Ave.  
 Cadle, Vera, 303 Broadway Ct.  
 Carey, Florence, 111 Wellington Crescent.  
 Carruthers, Marjorie, 87 Roslyn Road.  
 Chignell, Joan, Suite 20, Conway Ct., Kennedy St.  
 Clarke, Constance, 660 Gertrude Ave.  
 Clarke, Janet, 85 Kennedy St.  
 Clearihue, Helen, 379 Assiniboine Ave.  
 Code, Frances, 381 St. John's Ave.  
 Corbett, Kathleen, 1041 Blanche and Assiniboine, Armstrong's Point.  
 Coulter, Phyllis, 72 Maryland St.  
 Cox, Eleanor, 137 Yale Ave.  
 Curry, Muriel, 38 Carlton St.  
 Detchon, Gwen, 303 Spadina Ave.  
 Douglas, Frances, 86 Smith St.  
 Dowker, Ruth, 107 Gerard St.  
 Elliott, Nellie, 303 St. John's Ave.  
 Fairbairn, Ruth, 16 Conway Ct., Kennedy St.  
 Ferguson, Audrey, 99 Rue la Verandrye, St. Boniface.  
 Ferguson, Beryl, 99 Rue la Verandrye, St. Boniface.  
 Ferguson, Donald, 584 Broadway.  
 Ferguson, Jean, 584 Broadway.  
 Fisher, Jean, 81 Crescent Ct., Hugo and Gertrude.  
 Fletcher, Eleanor, 25 Cornish Ave.  
 Ford, Alma, 975 McMillan Ave.  
 Fowler, Frances, 422 Assiniboine Ave.  
 Fullerton, Dorothy, 96 Maryland St.  
 Fullerton, Frances, 96 Maryland St.  
 Genest, Marguerite, 244 Kingsway.  
 Gibson, Mabel, 102 Wilmot Place.  
 Gill, Percy, 20 Osborne Place.  
 Goldstine, Ruby, 123 Mayfair Ave.  
 Grey, Dorothy, 245 Lendrum St.  
 Grundy, Margaret, 73 Wilmot Place.  
 Hall, Margaret, 20 Balmoral Place.  
 Harrison, Margaret, Suite 5, Hugo Apts.  
 Head, Kathleen, 26 Panama Ct.  
 Head, Valmai, 1028 Grosvenor Ave.  
 Henderson, Blanche, 127 River Ave.  
 Herbert, Gwen, 55 Hargrave St.  
 Herbert, Ruth, 55 Hargrave St.  
 Hinch, Grace, 1220 Wellington Crescent.  
 Holden, Aldyth, 111 Gerard St.  
 Huggard, Grace, 391 Wardlow Ave.  
 Huggard, Harmon, 391 Wardlow Ave.  
 Hunt, Phyllis, Central Ave., Armstrong's Point.  
 Kelly, Marion, 9 Kennedy St.  
 Kelly, Marjorie, 9 Kennedy St.  
 Kelly, Thelma, 9 Kennedy St.  
 Kent, Ruth, 269 Colony St.  
 Kilvert, Frances, 61 Harvard Ave.  
 Layton, Edith, 577 Stradbroke Place.  
 de Cocq, Thelma, 264 Ottawa Ave.

# Havergal College Magazine

- Lemon, Sylvia, 378 Spadina Ave.  
 Lord, Marion, 268 Spence St.  
 Loucks, Frances, All Saints' Rectory.  
 Lyall, Christina, 244 Wellington Crescent.  
 MacLean, Harold, 1399 Erin St.  
 Mathers, Marguerite, 16 Edmonton St.  
 McBean, May, 48 Smith St.  
 McBean, Sarah, 48 Smith St.  
 McEachren, Margaret, 7 Roslyn Road.  
 McInnes, Marion, 51 Cathedral Ave.  
 McKenty, Ernest, 104 Colony St.  
 McKenty, Vincent, 104 Colony St.  
 McLaughlin, Grace, 119 Home St.  
 McMahan, Kathleen, 149 Central Ave.,  
     Armstrong's Point.  
 McMartin, Ruth, 283 Kingsway.  
 McQueen, Elizabeth, 393 River Ave.  
 McQueen, Mary, 393 River Ave.  
 Metcalfe, Clara, Box 83, Portage la P.  
 Milton, Beatrice, 822 Sherbrooke St.  
 Mitchell, Frank, 742 Egin Ave.  
 Montgomery, Eileen, 2 Kirkland Block.  
 Morrison, Margaret, Seikirk, Man.  
 Mott, Jean, Armstrong's Point.  
 Mozley, Alan, General Delivery.  
 Mozley, Stella, General Delivery.  
 Munro, Frances, 188 Roslyn Road.  
 Murphy, Ola, 38 Home St.  
 Murray, Mervyn, 407 Kenmore Blk.  
 Murray, Monica, 407 Kenmore Blk.  
 Page, Phyllis, 198 Spence St.  
 Pallow, Gertrude, 260 Carlton St.  
 Pallow, Gwen, 260 Carlton St.  
 Papineau, Velva, 201 Warwick Apts.  
 Parker, Billy, Suite 9, Beresford Block.  
 Parker, Freda, Suite 9, Beresford Blk.  
 Payne, Mary, 604 Spence St.  
 Peake, Ruth, 5 Kirkland Court.  
 Peatt, Dolly, 411 Cumberland Ave.  
 Peatt, Gwen, 411 Cumberland Ave.  
 Pennington, Nora, 587 Gertrude St.  
 Pepler, Ruth, 141 Yale Ave.  
 Persse, Kathleen, 66 Smith St.  
 Peters, Kathleen, 48 Roslyn Road.  
 Pieper, Pearl, 1024 Grosvenor.  
 Preudhomme, Caryl, 118 Royal St.  
 Redmond, Joe, 266 Home St.  
 Ripstein, Reginald, 27 Kennedy St.  
 Robinson, Ruth, 42 Hargrave St.  
 Rogers, Enid, 43 Roslyn Road.  
 Rogers, Jean, 43 Roslyn Road.  
 Rogers, Margaret, 43 Roslyn Road.  
 Rosevear, Marion, 105 Ethelbert St.  
 Ross, Elsie, 211 Nassau St.  
 Ross, Hilda, 211 Nassau St.  
 Ross, Phyllis, 211 Nassau St.  
 Rowley, Kate, 124 Harrow St.  
 Rowley, Miriam, 124 Harrow St.  
 Sapte, Antoinette, 982 McMillan Ave.  
 Sapte, Louisa, 982 McMillan Ave.  
 Sapte, Sybil, 982 McMillan Ave.  
 Severin, Agnes, Can. Bldg., Donald St.  
 Severin, James, Can. Bldg., Donald St.  
 Sloane, Dorothy, Suite 3, Rideau Hall.  
 Smith, Kathleen, 209 Mayfair Ave.  
 Steele, Gertrude, 236 Gertrude Ave.  
 Stevenson, Marjorie, 27 Carlton St.  
 Stewart, Kathleen, 151 Harvard Ave.  
 Stovel, Vernon, 72 Hargrave St.  
 Struthers, Miriam, 75 Bannerman Ave.  
 Suckling, June, 57 Carlton St.  
 Sweeny, Eileen, 75 Wolseley Ave.  
 Sweeny, Marian, 75 Wolseley Ave.  
 Tennant, Dorothy, 218 Spence St.  
 Thistlethwaite, Robt., 35 Donald St.  
 Thomson, Mildred, 201 Broadway Ct.  
 Todd, Evelyn, 166 Hargrave Ave.  
 Tolmie, Edith, 94 Colony St.  
 Turner, Reggie, 960 Grosvenor Ave.  
 Van Praagh, Marjorie, Suite 6, St. Elmo  
     Block.  
 Van Praagh, Ruth, Suite 6, St. Elmo Blk.  
 Walker, Jean, 294 Kngsway.  
 Watson, Hilda, 91 Edmonton St.  
 Watson, Mary, 220 Good St.  
 Watson, Ruth, 269 Yale Ave.  
 Whitlaw, Hatty, 811 Dorchester Ave.  
 Whitlaw, Kathleen, 811 Dorchester Ave.  
 Williams, Gena, Box 2212 City.  
 Williams, Marion, Box 2212 City.  
 Wilson, Gertrude, 534 Wardlow Ave.  
 Winearls, Iris, 91 Sherbrooke St.  
 Wodlinger, Rose, 66 Lily St.  
 Woodman, Amy, 504 River Ave.  
 Wood, Marjorie, Armstrong's Point.  
 Woods, Winnifred, 106 Ethelbert.

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Will be one of the most important Canadian Books of the year

In his vivid pages Colonel Steele tells of the early days in Western Canada. Step by step he proceeds from Toronto to the Pacific Coast, first with the Red River Expedition 1869-70, under the late Lord Wolseley and later with the first contingent of the North West Mounted Police. He tells the story of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, when, on many occasions he was called upon to settle disputes between the navvies and their foremen. In the first days of the gold rush to the Yukon Valley, Colonel Steele was in command of the N.W.M. Police, and he gives many interesting pictures of camp-life. He took to South Africa the famous Strathcona's Horse, and returned with the knowledge that of all the colonial contingents none outshone that which he commanded. Many times he has been mentioned in despatches and publicly thanked for his services. He tells in these pages of buffalo-hunts, battles with the Indians, rounding up horse-thieves, settling disputes with the early settlers, whilst between the lines can be read the record of a soldier who has met with many adventures and shown a remarkable tact and endurance.

THERE WILL BE A PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE AND 16 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS  
THE PRICE WILL BE 16 SHILLINGS IN G. B. AND ONLY 3.50 IN WESTERN CANADA

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THE UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP  
SOMERSET BUILDING, - - WINNIPEG.

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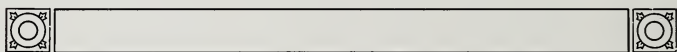
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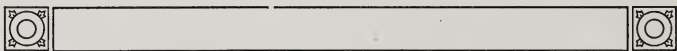


WE pride ourselves that no store gives better service to its patrons. Our salespeople are chosen for particular service. They are *experts* in fitting. They are informed as to correct styles. We have specialized in every manner possible to bring this business to a high standard. Buy

## Queen Quality Shoes

Stay young by buying new, *up-to-the-minute* styles. We have shoes for every kind of feet. All leathers, all styles, button and lace, narrow toes, broad toes, high heels, low heels, plain toe or toe cap. You will find our prices just as easy as the fit of *our shoes*. Agents also for the

## Wichert & Gardner Shoes for Women



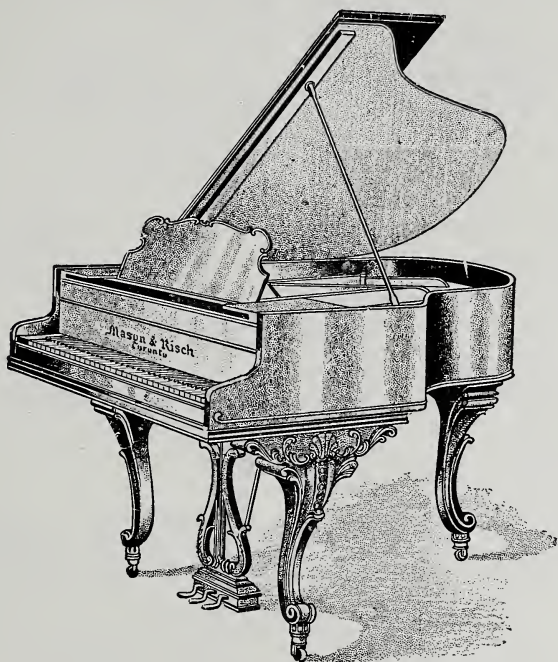
# ROBINSON & CO. LIMITED



# Mason & Risch Pianos

"FROM FACTORY TO HOME"

17 WESTERN BRANCH STORES



By reason of its all-round perfection and wonderful tone qualities, the Mason & Risch is acknowledged the greatest of all pianos. It has thousands of the kind of friends whose judgment you would not question. From its very inception it was known as a standard creation; and its reputation, like its quality, has been constantly advancing with the passing of the years.

## Mason & Risch, Limited

302 PORTAGE AVE., SOMERSET BLOCK, WINNIPEG, MAN.

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# Your Chaps Disappear like Magic

WHEN YOU USE

## VELVA-DERMA CREAM

Good for your hands  
for your Face  
for your Lips

Good for Shavers  
for Chaps  
for Girls

Good for Ladies  
for Men  
for 25 cents

Then you will say "Good for Campbell"

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This is a toilet preparation of high order ; in fact  
THE "CAMPBELL TARTAN"

on any of your drug labels and packages is a Guarantee  
of Quality. It is synonymous with the sterling stamp on  
silver. We sell every good thing that a good drug store  
should sell. High Quality, Efficient Service and  
Prompt Delivery are the features of our service.

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MAIN 410 :: Two Phones :: MAIN 2940

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## Campbell's Drug Store

COR. HARGRAVE ST. AND ST. MARY'S AVE.

# ***Bank of Montreal***

Established 1817

President: H. V. MEREDITH  
General Manager: SIR FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR

**Capital - - - \$16,000,000.00**  
**Rest - - - 16,000,000.00**  
**Undivided Profits 1,046,217.80**

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Winnipeg Offices:  
MAIN ST., OSBORNE ST., FORT ROUGE, LOGAN AVE.

---

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT in connection with each office.  
Sums from \$1.00 may be deposited.

A. F. D. MACGACHEN, Manager

# ***The Bank of Ottawa***

HEAD OFFICE: OTTAWA

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**CAPITAL (authorized) - - - \$5,000,000.00**  
**CAPITAL (paid off) - - - 4,000,000.00**  
**REST - - - 4,750,000.00**

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## ***Savings Department***

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Interest at current rates credited twice a year  
A general Banking Business transacted

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WINNIPEG BRANCH - - - J. B. MONK, MANAGER

Pupils and Friends are respectfully requested to patronize our Advertisers

# The Management of an Estate

It demands time and care, expert knowledge of values and market conditions—attention to every detail—absolute probity and reliability.

Such a service is offered by this Company. ————— Let us furnish information.

## The Imperial Canadian Trust Company

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BRANCH OFFICES AT:

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EDMONTON

SASKATOON

VANCOUVER

CALGARY

VICTORIA

96th YEAR IN BUSINESS

## THE QUEBEC BANK

Capital .. .. \$2,727,850

Reserve Fund .. .. 1,306,962

ONE DOLLAR opens a SAVINGS ACCOUNT

and bears Interest at the Current Rates

WINNIPEG BRANCH

445 Main Street

C. F. PENTLAND, Manager

Pupils and Friends are respectfully requested to patronize our Advertisers

# The Canadian Bank of Commerce

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*Capital Paid Up*      -      \$15,000,000

*Rest*      -      -      -      13,500,000

INTEREST PAID  
ON DEPOSITS OF  
ONE DOLLAR  
AND UPWARDS  
IN SAVINGS BANK  
DEPARTMENT

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**Offices**      -      **391 Main Street, Winnipeg**

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C. GORDON, Asst. Manager

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Capital, \$1,500,000

Reserve, \$1,500,000

This Corporation was established in 1882 to furnish the people of Canada with a trustworthy and efficient corporate trustee; and, with a record of thirty years' successful management of trusts of every description, confidently offers its services as Administrator, Executor, Trustee, Guardian, Assignee or Liquidator.

*Money to Loan on Mortgage Securities at Lowest Current Rates*

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Bank of British North America **WINNIPEG**

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48-52 PRINCESS ST.

This Magazine is Printed in Our Office

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## **Harrison, O'Kelly & Burrows**

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FINANCIAL AGENTS**

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Phone M. 2717

**Specialists in West End Properties**  
WINNIPEG, MAN.

The largest and most modern  
stock of highest quality Drugs,  
Chemicals, Pharmaceuticals  
and Biological Supplies  
in Western Canada

## **W. F. C. BRATHWAITE**

*Chemist and Druggist*

288 MAIN STREET

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

*If you want Good Coffee*

*Try—* **City Tea and  
Coffee Co.**

624 ELLICE AVENUE  
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Pupils and Friends are respectfully requested to patronize our Advertisers

**Summer  
Sporting Goods**  
of All Kinds



**THE HINGSTON-SMITH ARMS CO., LTD.**

491 Main Street (opposite City Hall) Winnipeg

**Wray's Music Store**

*Headquarters for*  
**STUDENTS, TEACHERS  
AND MUSIC LOVERS**

We make a specialty of your wants. We carry the most complete stock of College and Conservatory Examination Music, Books and Studies.  
Mail orders promptly filled.

Best discounts to Music Teachers and Students.  
Write us for everything in Music.

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**Duncan Cameron**

**MERCHANT TAILOR**

Phone Main 2275

307 Fort Street

Pupils and Friends are respectfully requested to patronize our Advertisers

Millinery a Specialty

Dry Goods Importers

## CARSLEY & CO.

Men's and Boys' Furnishings  
Ladies' and Children's Ready-to-Wear Goods

344 Main Street South

Phone : Main 392

Winnipeg, Man.

To the Lady of the House

# Milton's White Seal Bread

Is Perfectly Delicious

and made under the cleanest possible conditions.

I invite your personal inspection of my bakery any evening  
and see for yourself.

**W. R. MILTON      Bakery: 674 Bannatyne Ave.**

When You Want Something Extra Nice  
In CAKES, PASTRIES, ICE CREAMS OR CANDIES

Just Phone Main 519 or Sher. 5370

**W. H. McBRIEN, Baker and Confectioner**  
Branch Store: 643 PORTAGE AVE.                      396 PORTAGE AVE.

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**CANADA'S SCHOOL FURNISHERS**

TORONTO    WINNIPEG    EDMONTON

Phone or write for a copy of our New Catalogue

**Tees and Persse Block    -    -    Winnipeg, Man.**

Near the City Hall

Phone Garry 3666

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***Dye House***



277-9 Smith Street

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Phones: Main 1929, 1930, 1931

Factory: St. Boniface.

Phone: Main 7372



***SPECIALISTS IN  
DRY CLEANING AND DYEING***

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OIL, WATER AND CHINA PAINTS

White China for Decorating

JAS. A. PAYNE

303 FORT STREET, Close to Portage

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# The Rat Portage Lumber Company, Limited

Manufacturers of  
**Lumber, Sash and Doors, Boxes  
and all kinds of high grade  
Interior Finish**

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Banning, Ontario  
Norwood, Manitoba  
Harrison, British Columbia  
Vancouver, British Columbia

Head Office—Winnipeg

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# Crane & Ordway Company

## ***JOBBER***

PIPE, VALVES, FITTINGS  
HEATING MATERIAL  
PLUMBING FIXTURES  
GASOLINE ENGINES  
THRESHER SUPPLIES



Visit Our Plumbing Showroom  
Lombard Street :: Winnipeg, Man.

Phone: Garry 3096

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*BAGGAGE TRANSFER*

726 Furby Street

WINNIPEG

## *Perrin's Newport Chocolates*

Name on every piece

These goods are made in about fifty different varieties, from the finest material procurable. Be sure and ask for "Newport Chocolates."

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

For  
Boot  
Repairs



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## BOB HENDERSON

Repairs neatly and promptly executed  
Excellent workmanship, and only the  
best leather used

SMITH STREET (opp. St. Regis Hotel)

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Artistic Pictures of Every Description  
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Special Prices and Sizes to College Students

*The*  
**CAMPBELL  
STUDIO**

**Artists  
and  
Photographers**



**254 MAIN STREET**  
**Phone Main 1127**

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# *The Life Insurance Company as Trustee*

A new and most valuable privilege offered in The Great-West Life policies, important alike to policyholder *and to the beneficiary*, is the provision that in future all Instalment Policies will share in the profits earned by the Company in addition to the  $3\frac{1}{2}\%$  guaranteed.

Thus the Company admits beneficiaries to a share in its excellent investment opportunities—acting virtually as their Trustee.

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## *The Great-West Life Assurance Company*

*Head Office: Winnipeg*

# The Vogue of the Colonial Pump



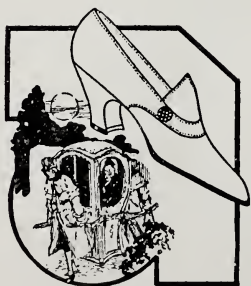
*Our Fifth Avenue Colonial,  
\$5.00 and up.*

'Tis the prettiest, daintiest, most piquant bit of footgear that ever Summer girl placed in her wardrobe. By far the most fashionable slipper of this season. Shown in our Fine Shoe Store in a myriad charming styles from noted American makers.

Our famous Fifth Avenue hand-made Colonials of which the upper sketch is typical, obtainable in patent and gunmetal leathers, in street and dress weights at **\$5.00 and upwards.**

Fifth Avenue Colonial in white calf with cut steel buckles. An exquisite creation **\$10.00.**

Charming little Colonial slipper in white suede with self covered heels and buckles, **\$4.00.**



*The Ostend Pump  
\$8.00 and up.*

In the lower sketch, the Ostend, a smart new Colonial pump with cut steel ornament, **\$8.00 and upwards.**

Very smart Colonial Slipper in patent or gunmetal leather. Weltd soles, Cuban heels. Sold for more strenuous every day wear. Unusual value at **\$3.50.**

Cut steel buckles from Paris—the most chic form of shoe decoration this Summer, 50c. to **\$6.50 the set.**

**THE T. EATON CO LIMITED**  
**WINNIPEG - CANADA**

Pupils and Friends are respectfully requested to patronize our Advertisers





For The Summer Toilet

**Na-Dru-Co  
Royal Rose  
Talcum Powder**

is indispensable. Its delicate rose odor and its impalpable fineness make it always the choice of all discriminating persons.

FOR SALE BY

**All Dealers**

Pupils and Friends are respectfully requested to patronize our Advertisers

# YOUR PRESCRIPTION

will receive the most  
careful attention and  
your glasses will fit  
comfortably when  
entrusted to our care.



## **NORMAN H. NEILL**

290 SMITH STREET

::

PHONE MAIN 6571

Under the Patronage of H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

A High Class Family Laundry  
patronized by the most dis-  
criminating people of our city  
Your Patronage is Solicited

*“The Laundry of Quality”*

### **The North-West Laundry, Ltd.**

Phones: MAIN 5178-5179

COR. MAIN AND YORK STS.

Pupils and Friends are respectfully requested to patronize our Advertisers

# *Always Acceptable*

*A Glass of*

DREWRY'S

## Dry Ginger Ale

—OR—

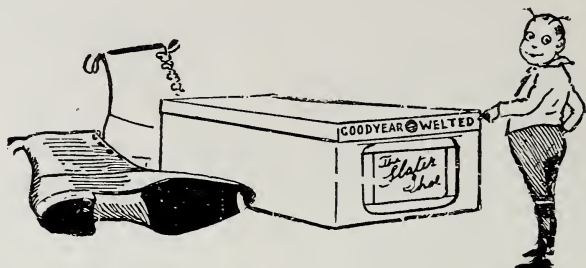
## Ginger Beer

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ORDER PHONE—ST. JOHN 1452  
or from your dealer

---

These popular summer drinks are absolutely pure. They are home favorites, cooling,—refreshing,—wholesome



# GOOD SHOES

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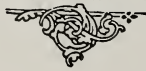
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